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THE *Nation*

VOLUME CXLII

NEW YORK · WEDNESDAY · JUNE 17, 1936

NUMBER 3702

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The Shape of Things

*

IT LOOKS AS IF THE FRENCH STRIKES HAD proved as helpful to the Blum government as the banking crisis of 1933 was to the incoming Roosevelt Administration, and in much the same way. They not only afforded the new Premier an opportunity to act promptly and decisively, but gave the parties of the right a scare which may somewhat dampen their enthusiasm for the announced intention of Louis Marin "to fight to the last ditch if the revolutionary front strives to carry out its idiotic pre-election proposals." The strikes, therefore, have had an important political effect. They have pried M. Blum away from the over-cautious attitude of "moderation" which so pleased the right after the elections and have forced him to reaffirm his adherence to the program of the People's Front. They have also made it clear to the right that any attempt to sabotage the program will be resisted by the workers. M. Blum's Cabinet is facing tremendous difficulties. There is danger that his ambitious program for improving the condition of workers and farmers will bog down in contradictions like those which have paralyzed the New Deal. And he faces not only actual enemies on the right but potential enemies among the none too firmly united parties of the left. M. Blum is the most conservative man who could govern France in its present radical mood. But that very fact prompts the question, How long can he hold his leftist support? Other governments in other countries have tried to meet the demands of the left without disturbing the interests of the right, with disastrous results. M. Blum's government may prove to be an exception, but to act effectively it should have full power, not merely some power.

*

SENATOR NYE'S MUNITIONS COMMITTEE HAS within the week done two things for which the nation should be grateful. It has issued its report on commercial and financial relations with belligerents, which includes the recommendation that all loans and credits to belligerents be prohibited. In spite of the New York Times's wistful attempts to prove that the Nye committee whitewashed Morgan, this recommendation shows the committee's belief that the Morgan loans led us into war once and that somebody else's may lead us in again. But even more important was the committee's report denouncing the War Department's mobilization plan. Written by Senator Bennett Champ Clark, this is a document that should be read

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by everyone who thinks he will live to see us in another war. The War Department's plan gives to the President war-time powers to regulate wages, prices, production, and trade, to suspend laws, and to censor the press. But the real kernel of the plan is the provision calling for a draft of all males over eighteen, all to be subject to military or labor service and to court-martial for failure to report for duty. What this implies is an enforced draft of labor, the denial of the right of labor to refuse employment at unfair wages and hours, and the assumption by the military of the power to break strikes and shatter unions. Too close for comfort is the resemblance of this scheme to the regimentation of labor under military control by existing dictatorships. It mirrors, as Senator Clark says, the example of these dictatorships and "the constant temptation therewith presented to democracies such as ours to solve their own problems by the use of force." Unless this temptation is resisted and the War Department plan scrapped, we shall not have to wait for fascism until after a war; mobilization and fascism will come linked arm in arm.

*

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S RESOLUTION WHICH calls for an investigation into labor spying and violations of civil liberties has passed the Senate. Meanwhile in other fields, such as receivership abuses, railroad finances, and lobbying, both houses of Congress have arranged to continue in ensuing months the sound policy of conducting investigations in aid of legislation. All such inquiries will be facilitated if Congress now takes the next step, the passage of an amendment introduced by Senator Fletcher of Florida. Bearing in mind the difficulties encountered by his committee when it conducted the banking inquiry a few years ago, he proposes that persons who interfere with investigating committees at any stage of their work should be subject to the relatively mild punishment which, under the law as it stands at present, applies only to the later stages of such investigations. Senator Fletcher has made a sensible proposal which will save the government time and money and will tend to produce more of the information which Congress is entitled to have.

*

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS WON HIS BATTLE FOR THE privilege of organizing the steel workers along industrial lines. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers has joined the Committee for Industrial Organization (the C. I. O.), and Lewis, as the committee's chairman, is specifically vested with the power to name the members of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, which in turn "shall have power to handle all matters relative to the organizing campaign." Lewis achieved his objective by appealing directly to the rank and file. While he was serving notice on Louis Leonard and his fellow-officials of the Amalgamated that the C. I. O. would have nothing to do with a "policy of fluttering procrastination," a group of Amalgamated lodges sent delegates to Pittsburgh to put pressure on the officers, who will be up for reelection in a referendum vote in October. After an afternoon spent in communion with William Green

the executive committee of the steel union surrendered on every point. The Lewis coup makes it all the more likely that the executive council of the American Federation of Labor will suspend in July the group of unions comprising the C. I. O. At the same time Lewis's victory enormously increases his prestige, both with the public and the ranks of labor. If he can now put through a swift and successful organizing campaign among the 500,000 workers of the country's most important industry, it will serve to remove the sting from the loss of A. F. of L. affiliation just as it will win new adherents to the C. I. O. With the organization of steel we shall see the beginning of a major development in American labor which may well be the beginning also of a new day in American politics.

*

SOUTH CHINA'S ULTIMATUM TO NANKING threatening to invade Chiang Kai-shek's territory if he refuses to fight Japan is but one expression of a nationwide wave of resentment against Japan's most recent military activities in the Peiping-Tientsin area. Despite the drastic decrees recently promulgated against all anti-Japanese activity, students have staged demonstrations in all sections of the country. On May 30 a group of bankers, merchants, and writers from all sections of China met secretly in Shanghai and formed the National Salvation Association for the purpose of instigating war against Japan. In the North it is reported that Sun Cheh-yuan, head of the pro-Japanese puppet government, has kicked over the traces and joined the southern leaders in bringing pressure on Chiang. When Chinese militarists of this type unite on what appears to be a suicidal venture, it may be assumed that they are being driven by powerful forces from below. This makes Chiang's position extremely precarious. He must choose between a highly unpopular civil war against the South in which he is likely to be defeated by defections from within his ranks and a highly popular war against Japan in which the odds would be overwhelmingly against him. Previously he has always chosen to risk domestic discontent rather than almost certain defeat. But his long struggle with the Communists and the disastrous effect of Japanese smuggling on the customs revenues have so depleted his treasury that he may very well embrace the anti-Japanese campaign as the one way to regain popular support and save his rule from ignominious collapse.

*

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF TARIFF POLICY HAS never been better illustrated than in the recent imposition of countervailing duties ranging from 22 to 56 per cent on numerous German articles imported into this country. For this situation Washington rather than Berlin is chiefly responsible. Pre-Hitler Germany was a debtor country, dependent on its exports to meet reparations and other foreign obligations. Because the commercial policies of its creditors, particularly the United States, made it increasingly difficult for it to sell sufficient goods to meet these obligations, the Reich was compelled to declare a partial moratorium in the summer of 1931. When this failed to afford sufficient relief, the German government set up a

deliberate program of expanding exports by means of subsidies. At the same time it sought to promote trade by a series of exclusive bilateral agreements, the benefits of which were not extended to other nations. This policy, in turn, led the United States to suspend most-favored-nation treatment for German exports and, when this measure seemed ineffective, to invoke the anti-bounty clause in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. As opponents of the present German regime we cannot grieve over the fact that the Nazi's commercial policy has struck a snag. We have supported the anti-Nazi boycott in the hope that an aggravation of Germany's exchange difficulties might weaken Hitler's grip. Nevertheless we cannot but deplore the application of discriminatory tariffs for any reason, political or economic. The tariff is an exceedingly treacherous weapon which injures its user at least as much as it harms the intended victim. This is particularly true of the United States as a leading creditor nation, since each retaliatory act merely enhances our commercial isolation.

*

FIVE MEN HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH or imprisonment during the month of June by the United States Labor Department. Their names are Otto Richter, Walter Saupe, Benno Martini, Adam Mueller, and Joseph Ganghofer. Their crime is their faith in America as a refuge from tyrants. All of them are fugitives from Hitler's justice; all of them will be thrown into prison the moment they touch German soil. The stories of Joseph Ganghofer and of Walter Saupe, who is only nineteen, were told by Louis Adamic in *The Nation* of March 25. Through all these cases runs the theme of resistance to intolerable suppression for which the right of asylum was designed. The right of asylum to dissenters, America's highest contribution to the cause of human freedom, is in danger. Help to preserve it by telegraphing to Secretary Perkins your protest against the deportation to Germany of five innocent men.

*

THE PLIGHT OF THE JEWS, AS POINTED OUT elsewhere in this issue by Benjamin Stolberg, is not new. It has been reemphasized by the recent Arab massacres. It is not unnatural, therefore, that plans are now being laid for the calling of a World Jewish Congress at Geneva which shall set up a permanent international executive body for the defense of Jewish rights. We trust the Jews in America and elsewhere will search their hearts and consider very critically the dangers of such an organization. One of the stock arguments used against the Jews by their enemies is that they already have a secret international organization which seeks to control world affairs in the interests of Judaism. While the intelligent know better, the unintelligent will tend to find this charge confirmed by the existence of an international executive body. Such a congress could scarcely fail to fall into the hands of the Jewish middle-class groups which do not represent the broad strata of Jewish labor organizations, and it could scarcely hope to take over the vigorous work that voluntary groups of Jews have already done all over the world in the interest of Jewish resettlement and the alleviation

of persecution. Moreover, the advantages of continuity and permanence which such an organization would achieve would be outweighed by the increased tension which would result both within the Jewish groups and among the enemies of the Jews. The best the new organization could become would be an effective sounding-board, but it might also become a new Wailing Wall.

*

THE UNLEASHED FURY OF A MOB IS NOT A lovely thing. Just how unlovely it can be is the theme of a recent film called "Fury," directed by Fritz Lang and produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Hollywood has done it, despite the doubts we had that business-dominated Hollywood would ever turn out a work of art which was at the same time a savage and biting social satire on American life. The film shows a man in a small Midwestern town, arrested and jailed for a kidnaping he did not commit. It shows business men, strike-breakers, loafers, women, lashed into fury by the emotional drive of vigilantism, sadism, and frustration until they merge into a lynching mob that burns down the jail; it shows finally the trial of twenty-two of the mob for murder. There has never been so direct and realistic a confronting on the screen of the structure of American society and the sources of our law-and-order lawlessness. This film must be regarded not only as a major cinematic achievement, but as one of the evidences, along with the conviction of the Tampa kidnapers and the victory of the forces of law in the verdict for damages in the New Orleans lynching case, that not all the battalions of American life are on the side of the Ku Klux Klan, the Black Legion, and the vigilantes. M-G-M's release of "Fury" is an honorable act. It goes a long way toward removing the stain of that company's refusal to produce "It Can't Happen Here."

Address to the Republicans

SONS and daughters of Lincoln, Mark Hanna, and Warren Harding: You may deem it somewhat extraordinary for the editors of the *The Nation* to address this plea to you. Our roads have not run together much since those early days when *The Nation* was young and the Republican Party still had a virginal freshness. You were the party of a vigorous young industrialism which was sweeping all before its path, and you swept slavery away because slavery was an obstacle to your onward march. Today you are the party of a class trying desperately to hold on to its power in a collapsing economic world, and willing to hold on to its power even at the expense of abundance, order, justice, welfare. Assembled in convention at Cleveland, you still put on a gallant show of salutes to your favorite sons, banners, speeches, thunderous cheering, and the pinning of interminable Kansas sunflowers on rows of blank lapels. There are, as of old, the huddles of master political minds, the lightning shifts of alignment, the conspiracies and coalitions. But it is mostly

a brave front. The heart has gone out of it. The path of your economic advantage as a class is no longer the path of social sanity. You are a dying party in a dying order.

As we write this address, you have not yet chosen your candidate. Who he will be is beyond our control—or your own. All the papers are saying now that the "Stop Landon" movement is hopeless. It was hopeless long ago, when Mr. Hearst first picked Mr. Landon as *his* candidate, and he thereby became yours as well. Formerly Mr. Hearst would not have been able to achieve such a feat single-handed. But the bitterness with which you set your face against the slightest movement away from the past has thrown you into his arms and made you blood-brothers. Although his leadership is not openly yours, his purposes and his hatreds have become yours.

It is inevitable that you will nominate Mr. Landon. Your thinker-laureate, Walter Lippmann, says that in his candidacy alone, among all your much-bruited names, are there the makings of a popular movement. He is right. This will not be the first popular movement that Mr. Hearst's newspapers have manufactured. It is surely no mere coincidence that the Republican masses discovered Mr. Landon at exactly the moment when Mr. Hearst did.

What your platform will be is quite another matter. The deadly blight which has stripped you barren of leadership, purposes, morale, has stripped you most barren of ideas. Your platform-framers will undoubtedly find plenty of phrases to employ. They will beat the living needs with the bones of dead issues. A tariff policy, a monetary policy, and a farm policy that have long been found useless and outworn will be dug up again and refurbished. The party that has built its power upon the monopolists—the party of holding companies, which has fought every measure for the control of corporations—will miraculously find itself standing on a tough-sounding anti-monopoly plank.

There is one problem, however, you will not be able to escape, any more than Mr. Roosevelt will be able to escape it. That is the problem of a constitutional amendment. *The Nation* two weeks ago printed some replies by leaders of liberal and labor opinion to its inquiries about the need for an amendment. We have now directed the same inquiries to the makers of public opinion—those who through their newspapers mold what people think. We are printing their replies at the end of this address. You will notice that Mr. Hearst, who found and made your candidate, sets his face stonily against any constitutional revision. His views are the views of the Landon supporters who came to Cleveland with their "Oh Susannah" song:

"Landon, oh Landon, will lead to victory

With the good old Constitution, and it's good enough for me."

Of course, the minimum-wage decision seems to have made a difference. Before that decision you were all willing to swallow everything that the reactionary Supreme Court majority did, and you cried for more. You put it on the grounds of the sanctity of the court and the Constitution, along with some talk of states' rights. But now that your Supreme Court majority has doomed even the state power to enact social legislation, everything is changed. Not only William Allen White but even Hamilton Fish

and Herbert Hoover have come out for a state-power amendment. Some of your most hardened constitution-mongers are shedding crocodile tears over the fate of the women laundry workers of New York.

Republican men and women, to what extent have you looked into this question of an amendment? We welcome your surprising interest in it, as we welcome any accession of strength to a movement we believe in. But are you genuinely concerned about gaining for the states the power of dealing with insecurity, poverty, low wages? Remember that the men sitting in this convention hall with you, the men who swell not only your applause but also your campaign funds, are the men who have fought social legislation of any kind tooth and nail—first in the state assemblies, and then by invoking "due process of law" and "liberty of contract" in the Supreme Court. They are the men who formerly fought every state law trying to establish decent hours of labor and who are now fighting the state unemployment-insurance laws and the state housing laws. In this very term of court they sat by without the slightest protest while the Supreme Court majority declared invalid, because of due process, a Vermont income-tax law and a tax assessment by a North Dakota state railway commission.

You will forgive us, therefore, if we question the integrity of your belief even in a states'-right amendment. States' rights as a doctrine is too recent an acquisition of yours, it is too alien to you, it runs too seriously athwart the tradition of your vested interests to give us any real confidence that you will push such an amendment vigorously. Besides, states' rights are not enough. What we are faced with is a condition of economic collapse which runs across states lines and which can only be controlled by federal aid and federal power. The Constitution as it stands is broad enough to allow for the exercise of such power, but the Constitution has been narrowed and distorted by a majority of the Supreme Court operating within the framework of Republican business thought. If you are genuinely concerned for the masses and their welfare, if you care about the standard of living of the people and the continuance of the American tradition, come out for a constitutional amendment that will put the federal power to deal with social legislation beyond the reach of interference by the Supreme Court majority.

Only thus will you give the common man any ground for belief that you are really turning to liberalism. Only thus will you rescue yourselves as a party from the dead hand of vested interests and vested ideas.

The Question of an Amendment More Opinions

Speaking entirely for myself the answer is triple yes.

William Allen White, *Publisher, Emporia Gazette*

I do not think it is necessary or desirable to amend the Constitution for any purpose at present. We amended the Constitution with the Eighteenth Amendment to allow governmental interference with personal liberty, and had to amend it back again to free ourselves from the intolerable conditions such interference created. . . .

Industry, labor, and farm conditions have had more than "adequate" government control already. They have had government control to their obvious injury and almost to their extinction. The industry which has had the most government control has been the railroads, and that industry has developed the most depressed condition of any—entirely through ignorant governmental interference. . . .

Government is not an abstraction. Government is composed of individuals in governmental positions. Control of industry by government means . . . taking the control of American industry out of the hands of the able, skilful, and experienced men who built it to worldwide superiority, and putting it under the incompetent management of men who are ignorant of the industry, inexperienced in business, extravagant in management, unfamiliar with anything practical except practical politics, and indifferent to everything except finding jobs for themselves and their political supporters regardless of fitness. . . . True Americans certainly do not want to change the Constitution . . . and furthermore, in my opinion, true Americans do not want to change the character of the Supreme Court, which has so ably and patriotically upheld the rights of the citizens.

American prosperity has begun to return since the Supreme Court rendered its American constitutional decisions, striking the shackles of government control from the industry, the labor, and the agricultural activities of the nation. Common-sense Americans do not want more regimentation. . . . They think that the Constitution should be preserved . . . and that the country should be saved from further reckless and ridiculous socialistic experimentation.

William Randolph Hearst

Sorry but have made it a rule not to answer questionnaires as to my views. I find it better to express them in columns of newspaper.

J. M. Patterson, *Publisher, New York Daily News*

Although I am not opposed to necessary changes in the Constitution to keep it a living, growing charter of our liberties, I am opposed to amendments hurriedly prepared to meet temporary maladjustments which can be righted by constitutional means. I am not convinced that such an amendment as you suggest is needed. I am opposed to present tendency toward government control and management of everything and everybody on field or in factory . . . and fear it a step toward dictatorship and toward conditions that prevail in Italy, Germany, and Russia. We need to end intolerable economic conditions. . . . Government management and control will not solve the problem of unemployment or of agriculture's lost income. Instead it will make matters worse. For that reason I am opposed to hasty tampering with the Constitution lest we open the door to greater evils instead of improving our economic situation, and so I do not think this should be a campaign issue. Holding this view, of course, I should be sorry to see appointed to the Supreme Court judges who would be in sympathy with bureaucratic control of agriculture and industry. . . .

Frank E. Gannett, *Publisher, the Gannett Newspapers*

The *New York Post* favors a constitutional amendment to clarify beyond possible doubt the power of Congress to legislate for human rights as well as property rights—an amendment which will protect the rights of labor, permit Congress to exact minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, and give Congress an unfettered hand in curbing

exploitation and fraud in high places as well as low places. We recognize, however, that such an amendment may require months if not years for ratification. Meanwhile, Congress does have the right to exercise its power under Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution: "The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact with such exceptions as the Congress shall make." Here is a check upon arbitrary abuse of the judicial power deliberately placed in the Constitution by the Founding Fathers. It is just as important that this check be used by Congress to preserve a balanced American government as it is that the President and the court use their powers to the same end. Congress can limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It has done it in the past and the court has recognized its right to do so.

J. David Stern, *Publisher, New York Post*

Soviet Democracy

LOUIS FISCHER'S article on the new Soviet constitution, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is a journalistic scoop of the first order. While it has been known for some months that the new constitution would be more democratic than the old and that it would abolish the inequalities and discriminations which were necessary in a transitional period, no one expected changes as fundamental as those he describes. What we have, in effect, barring last-minute changes, is a liquidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in the civil sphere and its replacement by constitutional democracy.

Of course the Soviet system has always contained far more genuine democracy than outsiders have realized. It is true that the open ballot and indirect election made popular control over the governmental apparatus somewhat remote. But the essential power in the Soviet Union has never rested entirely with the government. A considerable amount of influence has been wielded by organizations of producers—trade unions, collective farms, and the planning agencies—by cooperatives, and especially by the Communist Party. The village soviets have been largely autonomous and have exercised far more power than similar units in the United States. All these organizations, the Webbs point out in their monumental work, have been subject to a large degree of popular control, which leads them to conclude that the essential government of the U. S. S. R. "has been the very opposite of a dictatorship . . . a government by a whose series of committees."

In the past the active anti-Soviet elements—kulaks, priests, former bourgeoisie, and members of the old aristocracy—have been almost totally excluded from this arrangement. They had no vote; they were not members of trade unions, cooperatives, or collective farms; they were barred from the Communist Party. The important new fact is that the majority of individuals in these groups will now receive the full privileges of Soviet citizenship.

Some conservatives in this country have already hailed the new trend as evidence that the Soviet Union is at last moving toward sanity, while radicals have naturally been suspicious of changes which seemed to introduce some of the most unsatisfactory elements of our own system. Both

have overlooked the fact that the form of government is relatively immaterial; the real power in each case is to be found in the ownership and control of the economic organization. Much more information than Mr. Fischer gives us is necessary before we can pass final judgment on the changes which he outlines. He does not tell us, for example, how the administrative section of the government is to be set up or how the local governments are to be chosen. It is not clear, moreover, how election to the parliament will be a check on incompetent or bureaucratic officials. Does this mean that all administrative officers will be forced to stand for parliament? And why this sudden enthusiasm for geographic representation? Did not occupational representation constitute one of the most useful elements in the Soviet system, since it meant that a worker was certain to have as his representative a man whose economic interests were identical with his own? In one place Mr. Fischer declares that a dictatorship exists whenever there are several classes; in another he speaks of a bloc of democratic, anti-fascist states—which includes the U. S. S. R., England, France, and Czecho-Slovakia. Surely both statements are not to be taken literally. Finally, is he not guilty of a most un-Marxian statement when he declares that “the government cannot disappear . . . perhaps . . . the party will”? It would seem to us that the loosening of the bonds of dictatorship might equally well be interpreted as the first step in the “withering away of the state.”

Progress in the South

IT is not wholly accidental that this week's issue of *The Nation* contains two articles dealing with the problems of the South. As Representative Maverick points out so graphically, the South is in ferment today as it has not been since the Civil War. The depression and the world-wide trend toward economic nationalism have threatened the foundations of its economic structure. The loss of the export market for cotton has perhaps permanently cut off its chief source of cash income. While the AAA and the Bankhead act staved off complete ruin for the landowners, hundreds of thousands of share-croppers have been deprived of their only means of earning a livelihood. In the old South the situation is particularly grave because of competition from the more efficient cotton producers of the Southwest.

Barring war or a miracle—such as a drastic cut in the American tariff—cotton will never again play the dominant role in the South that it has played in the past. A complete reconstruction of the economic life of the entire region is inescapable, although it will be greatly retarded by political and cultural backwardness. The decay and corruption resulting from the single-party system makes it unrealistic to expect progressive leadership through ordinary political channels. Denial of franchise to the underprivileged, both Negro and white, precludes any effective revolt through the ballot-box against the power of the land-owning aristocracy.

Programs such as the TVA—described on another page

by Stuart Chase—are bound to contribute to the removal of some of these barriers; but it goes almost without saying that the motivating impulse for a fundamental reshaping of the social pattern must come from within. There are numerous indications that this process is already under way. The existence of militant organizations of share-croppers in Alabama and Arkansas, the formation of the Modern Democrats in Florida, and the successful fight being waged by the progressive Democratic wing in Texas are illustrative of the ferment at work. The recent conference of the Southern Policy Committee at Chattanooga brought together many of the leaders in this movement. Composed of professors, editors, and business men, the group represented a fair cross-section of Southern progressive opinion. The moderate nature of their recommendations is a reflection, at least in part, of the magnitude of the problems which they faced. As immediate steps for improving the economic status of agriculture, the conference recommended passage of the Bankhead-Jones farm-homes bill, the organization of farmers in producers' cooperatives, the reduction of tariffs, the establishment of laws for the enforcement of minimum housing standards applicable to rural conditions, and the extension of the federal Social Security Act to cover agricultural unemployment. In the industrial field the conference went on record as favoring laws prohibiting the abuse of injunctions in labor disputes, guaranteeing the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively, restricting the work week, and establishing minimum wages. It also recommended ratification of the child-labor amendment, and the passage of legislation implementing the Social Security Act.

Mild as they are, these proposals are indicative of a definite social awakening on the part of certain “responsible” elements in the South. It is disheartening, however, to realize that even in a group as progressive as this there is so little disposition to come to grips with fundamental problems. It is almost incredible, for example, to find that apart from general recommendations regarding the extension of suffrage and educational facilities it offered no specific proposals for aiding the Negro. For though a Southerner may be right in arguing that Negroes will be aided by any measure that is designed to benefit the South as a whole, it can scarcely be denied that the colored population as a group is suffering from innumerable economic and social disabilities which must be removed before they can make their full contribution to the renaissance of the South. There was a similar disinclination to face the fact that the injustices of which the group complained are deeply ingrained in the profit system. Except for a mild indorsement of collective bargaining, the committee showed little disposition to choose weapons adequate for the task at hand. The conference apparently ruled out political action, either through the Democratic Party or by the formation of a new party, as impracticable under present conditions. This may or may not have been a wise decision. But if the ordinary avenues of popular expression are closed in the South, it would seem all the more imperative that attention be centered on the organization of rural and urban labor for direct economic struggle.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Just Before the Battle

Washington, June 7

AN Administration spokesman on Friday confidentially warned members of the Congressional press gallery not to forecast further action at this session on the new Guffey coal act, the ship-subsidy bills, or the Wagner-Allenbogen low-cost-housing bill. None of these he said, will be brought to a vote before adjournment. He might have added to his list the various anti-war measures put forward by the Nye committee, the Wheeler bill making a consumer-protection agency out of the Federal Trade Commission, the Kerr-Coolidge immigration measure, any one of half a dozen anti-lynching bills that have been pending in Congress for a year or more, the food-and-drug bill, the Sisson repealer of the loyalty oath imposed last year on District of Columbia school teachers and janitors, the Bankhead farm-tenant bill, or the Walsh-Healey bill for federal regulation of wages and hours in concerns enjoying government contract business.

Congress will find time, however, to complete action on the Robinson-Patman bill, which has been given an anti-chain-store label by its backers but is in reality a vicious piece of legislation against the consumer. All that can be said in its favor is that the measure—introduced by Robinson and Patman to curry favor with the wholesalers in the distributing centers in their home districts—is so grotesquely drawn as to defy enforcement. Disguised as an act to help the corner grocer and neighborhood druggist, it is purely a vote-snatching device, but that is precisely the kind of measure which enlists the vigorous interest of the people's representatives in Congress assembled in an election year, while measures in the public interest are being sidetracked with the Administration's aid. One cannot say, however, that the closing days of the Seventy-fourth Congress will be entirely wasted, for they promise to produce enactment of the Black bill requiring lobbyists to register themselves, their employers, and their expenditures. Black, backed by Norris and a few other Senators, has managed to frustrate the attempt of the Administration-controlled House to put over a fake anti-lobby bill; he made the Senate substitute his bill for the House bill, and force the House conferees to agree to the substitution. The conference report has yet to be adopted by the House and Senate, but there is little likelihood of a slip-up there.

It is also a pleasure to report that the Kramer and Tydings-McCormack anti-sedition bills are dead, and that yesterday without debate the Senate passed the La Follette resolution for a Congressional investigation of labor espionage and violations of civil liberties in the United States. Under the terms of the resolution, the investigation can be broad enough to cover the share-cropper situation

in Arkansas, the Black Legion, the various manifestations of incipient fascism in California and kindred states, and the whole kit and caboodle of red-baiting patriotic-society rackets. The Senate's action was a single-handed victory for La Follette and vindicated him in his adoption of the languorous technique for which he was criticized in this column two months ago. His apparent lack of enthusiasm served to divert from the resolution the attention of all those Senators who would have fought it had they been alert to its significance. The one flaw in his technique is that it produced an appropriation of only \$15,000 for the investigation, a sum so small as to make it virtually certain that the investigation will make no material headway until Congress meets again next year and votes additional funds. More important at the moment than the amount of money available is the personnel of the investigating committee. There are only a few men on the Senate Education and Labor Committee who can be trusted to do the job properly, and it is from that committee that the investigating group almost certainly will be picked. It would be possible to turn the investigation over to such gentry as Puddler Jim Davis, Jesse Metcalf, Dr. Copeland, Murphy of Iowa, or "Honest Vic" Donahey. Pious citizens will send up prayers for the nominations to fall upon such other committee members as La Follette, Black, Borah, or even Rush Holt of West Virginia, or Dave Walsh of Massachusetts.

Labor Against the N.A.M.

It should be noted that though the last A. F. of L. convention instructed Bill Green and his lieutenants to see to it that Congress at this session took action against labor-spy and strike-breaking agencies, they had no hand in the introduction of the La Follette resolution and expended no effort on seeing that it was adopted. The point is important at this time because Dan Hastings, the du Ponts' Senatorial stand-in, is bleating about the labor lobby as if it were a juggernaut. He demands that the Black committee investigate it, and he bases his demand upon Green's telegram a few days ago to members of the House Judiciary Committee relative to the Walsh-Healey bill, which is the No. 2 measure on the A. F. of L.'s legislative "must" list. Several weeks ago the House Judiciary Committee voted eleven to seven to table the bill. Green appealed to Roosevelt for aid. Roosevelt called in McIntyre, one of his secretaries, and through him instructed Chairman Sumners of the Judiciary Committee to see that the bill was reported out so that the House at least could vote it up or down. Labor lobbyists meanwhile went to work on committee members and were promised fifteen of the committee's twenty-five votes. The promises were not fulfilled. At last, spurred on by a man whose services as a lobby-

ist have earned him only the enmity of the senile creatures who are supposed to perform those services for the A. F. of L., Green a few days ago telegraphed the committee members a demand that they take up the Walsh-Healey bill. In his telegram he said that the A. F. of L. would have men watching the committee room and that any member absenting himself would be regarded as opposing the bill.

The threat worked. The committee immediately reported out the bill, but only after subjecting it to emasculating amendments. The reason for its resistance to the bill—and this resistance is admitted privately—is that the committee members are lawyers and most of them have as their clients back home manufacturers who are opposed to taking their employees out of the sweatshop class. The opposition is strongest from textile and garment manufacturers. The big organizations fighting the bill are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and, significantly, the Southern Economic Conference. There is almost no chance that the bill will advance beyond its present position, and as reshaped by the Judiciary Committee it is hardly worth fighting for. If by a miracle it should be transformed into law, it would stand as the only material accomplishment of the A. F. of L.'s legislative service at this session.

Stop-Light on Housing

Senator Wagner is still hopeful of getting his housing bill—the No. 1 measure on the A. F. of L.'s "must" list—passed before adjournment, but he's about the only person who is. He refuses to believe that Roosevelt has hung a red light on the bill, though the lantern is visible to everybody else for miles around. Yesterday the Senate rushed through a dozen or more bills, but when it reached the Wagner bill, Robinson, leader of the Administration's forces on the floor, blocked action by establishing the lack of a quorum. It had not mattered to the Administration forces that there was no quorum present while the other dozen bills were being put through. Robinson makes no secret of his determination to forestall action on housing legislation at this session. His stand may be personal and based upon his friendship with Jesse Jones, who has been fighting the Wagner bill. But there is no reason to believe that it does not accord with Roosevelt's own views. In the first place, Roosevelt assured the Jones mob two weeks ago that there would be no housing legislation of any kind at this session. In the second place, Robinson ascribes his position to the failure of the committee in charge of the bill to report it out until this week, and that delay has been almost wholly of Roosevelt's own making. Each time virtual agreement was reached in the committee on the bill's terms, Roosevelt ordered it held up for "minor" amendments. Jesse Jones has been the "minor."

The course Roosevelt has pursued with respect to the Wagner housing bill is almost precisely like his course relative to the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which delayed the passage of that act for more than a year. In the present instance the White House tactics are more portentous. Few will dissent from Representative Ellenbogen's dictum that the death of the housing bill at this session will leave



Jesse Jones Has Been the "Minor"

the housing movement with a prolonged attack of sleeping sickness. He bases that dictum on the all too reasonable expectation that "next year we shall have a more conservative Congress and a less powerful executive." It should be added that Ellenbogen, one of the few House members deserving reelection, believes that Roosevelt will still be President in 1937.

The death of the Wagner-Allenbogen bill will also place in double jeopardy the New Deal's most promising venture in public housing—the Resettlement Administration's program for suburban "green-belt" communities. I say in "double jeopardy" because that program already has been placed in jeopardy by a Justice Department boner. When injunction proceedings were instituted here against the RA's project in Bound Brook, New Jersey—ostensibly at the behest of Franklin Township but actually at the behest of the head of the Interwoven Hosiery Company, whose estate adjoins the project site and who objected to having low-income workers for neighbors—the Justice Department, horning into the case, insisted on erecting a purely legalistic defense instead of trying the case on its merits. As a result it reached the Appellate Court here without a hearing on the facts. Those facts would have demolished the plaintiff's right to sue, since it was the plaintiff's claim that the township would be put to great expense in providing schools and other public services for the project's occupants without receiving any taxes in return. The RA's system deeds the project to a non-profit corporation which immediately becomes taxable as to both real and personal property by the state and local taxing authorities.

The Justice Department's foolish strategy let the plaintiff get into the Appellate Court without having to show a right to be there and placed at issue before that tribunal of septuagenarians only the bare bones of the law itself. The court promptly held it unconstitutional by a vote of three to two and thus made it possible for objectors to any of the three other RA projects almost automatically to procure injunctions against them on application to the lower court here.

France on Strike

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, June 8, by Cable

THERE has been no general strike in France; no Soviets; no sabotage; no disorder; no incipient revolution; no conflict with public authority. There has never been the slightest prospect of famine. The food supply has remained unimpaired, and arteries of transportation have functioned normally. Public opinion as reflected by the entire left press has been whole-heartedly with the strikers. In a long talk which I had with Léon Jouhaux, general secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail, and other labor leaders on Saturday, Jouhaux said:

The situation could not be more satisfactory. In the beginning it was suspected that *agents-provocateurs* had a finger in the pie, but subsequent developments have shown the rumor to be false. The alarmist reports that Communists are responsible for the strikes are silly twaddle. The strike movement is purely economic. It is a spontaneous explosion of accumulated grievances of unorganized workers against unhygienic conditions, an oppressive spy system, the stubborn refusal of owners to bargain collectively, long hours, wage cuts, the emergency decrees and the rising cost of living. [The official Index of Cost of Living in Paris shows a 30 per cent increase in food prices.] The political triumph of May 3 gave these distressed workers hope that relief was in sight, but the month's interregnum strained their patience to the breaking-point. The first strike was in non-unionized metallurgical plants and took us completely by surprise. But from the start the workers have turned to us for guidance.

To show you that the C. G. T. controls the situation, when the Central Market truckmen and slaughter-house workers struck on Thursday night we convinced them that by threatening Paris with starvation they risked alienating public sympathy from a movement now whole-heartedly admired and universally approved, and they forthwith cheerfully resumed work. In one week the C. G. T. gained 100,000 members in the metallurgical industries alone. You may tell America, quoting me, that although the movement probably will spread until all exploited workers obtain satisfaction, we are victoriously settling hundreds of strikes daily, and neither public services nor utilities will strike. These last are the best-organized workers in France and the backbone of the C. G. T.

These strikes are unique in the history of the world. Although hundreds of thousands of workers are involved, in scores of industries ranging from airplanes to bill-posting, from department stores to five-and-ten's, there has been not one window broken, not one case of drunkenness, no disturbance requiring police intervention.

I dined with voluntary prisoners in the Thompson-Houston telephone plant. The confidence, comradeship, and discipline were splendid. From nothing the workers had created a self-contained community with commissary,

dormitories, self-government, and recreational facilities. Gifted leaders had sprung as it were from the earth. Two unemployed chefs cooked for 2,300 persons, even supplying warm meals to the smaller neighboring plants. Sympathetic bakers in the vicinity supplied bread at the cost of the flour. Slaughter houses offered meat without profit. Shopkeepers contributed every imaginable kind of merchandise, while the public furnished hay for beds and lent blankets, dishes, phonographs, and radios. Professional artists entertained the workers. Teams of strikers made hourly rounds, keeping order and preventing fire, sabotage, and immorality. Beer was admitted but no wine. Employers stayed away, communicating with the delegates by telephone and meeting them outside the plant. Buildings and machinery had never been so clean.

Meanwhile the Comité des Forges and other industrialists declared the strikers were driving the national economy into bankruptcy, and wavered between surrender and intransigence. On one day they would agree to meet the C. G. T. at the Labor Ministry, and on the morrow they would excuse themselves. They trusted to miracles, to the hope that the workers might resort to disorder, to the alarmist press, and to the hope that the fascist leagues might recover their vitality. The newspaper owners' association stopped publishing for two days out of solidarity with the employers, believing that the public would resent the deprivation and blame the workers. They also appeared to believe that the rumor-mongers would have a freer reign if no regular papers appeared. The gesture proved futile, and they resumed publication on Saturday. Then De la Rocque took a last stand for a lost cause. He ordered his striking adherents to organize Croix de Feu unions, and he sent wagonloads of food to the workers. The workers rejected both organizers and gifts. Thereupon De la Rocque turned revolutionary and urged his henchmen among the workers to adopt an uncompromising attitude, while he advised the employers to resist to the end. Pitiable maneuvers, pitiable results. The technicians and engineers abandoned both the Croix de Feu and its tactics, and went over to the C. G. T.

The Blum Cabinet has unquestionably been embarrassed by the strikes, but the Premier must be held partly responsible for them since his first utterances were over-cautious and the adulation they inspired in the conservative press tended to make the left-wing groups uneasy. For the long run the movement has eased Blum's task. It will induce employers to swallow far-reaching social legislation at which they would otherwise have gagged. Unwittingly the metallurgical workers have speeded up the tempo of the new government, which otherwise might have been too conscious of its dependence on the Radical Socialists, and excessively circumspect.

The Jew and the World

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I
THE Jews, Dorothy Thompson once brightly remarked, are like everybody else; only more so. There is always some Jew who illustrates with exaggerated aptness every variety of man and every conceivable prejudice, including of course that against Jews. The Jews are in every class and of every race. Some Jews are even Chinamen. This Chinese puzzle may, indeed, by its very absurdity, help to illumine the problem. For a Chinese Jew is either an anthropological miracle if he is a Jew, or an optical illusion if he is a Chinaman. And since I, for one, believe neither in miracles nor in illusions I am bound to conclude that it's all a mistake. The Jewish question is not really, How can a Jew be a Chinaman? That is easily answered: he can't. The Jewish question is, Why in the world should any Chinaman think he is a Jew?

For that matter, why should anybody think he is a Jew unless he is an Arab in Palestine? The natives in the "Jewish" homeland are after all the most probable descendants of those twelve Bedouin tribes who created the god of *Rassenkultur* to make them the Chosen People. For the Diaspora was of course only a partial dispersion; and those Jews who left to wander the earth naturally became far more absorbed by other groups than those who stayed home to mix only with immigrant neighbors. These remained largely the Arabs they always have been. They merely became Mohammedanized.

Of course, those quarrelsome Siamese twins, Jewish separatism and anti-Semitism, have succeeded in keeping alive an illusion of Jewish endogamy and racial purity. But no matter how carefully we may weight Jewish vital statistics by all sorts of sociological factors, it still remains true that every Jew living has had an incalculable number of millions of ancestors since the last Fall of Jerusalem. Only historically sidetracked peoples such as Icelanders or African pigmies have remained hermetically sealed by their environment; and even there the seal no doubt has been broken many a time. But the racial purity of the Jews, the most diffused of all groups, is obviously only a myth.

Once at lunch William F. Ogburn, then professor at Columbia and president of the American Statistical Association, computed for my enlightenment the minimum number of illegitimacies, mixed marriages, and plain whores in our ancestral multitudes since the dawn of Christian civilization. All demographic factors were duly considered; the fanciest possible errors were carefully weighted. With great delicacy Dr. Ogburn allowed my forbears the benefit of every possible doubt. The statistics were avowedly more facetious than exact. But even so, when I acquired an ancestral *demi-monde* larger than greater New York I called a halt. And ever since it has seemed to me exceedingly dubious that millions of Jews

marched in strict racial formation for nineteen centuries all over the world just to conceive an immaculate Walter Lippmann or an undefiled Walter Winchell. It hardly seems worth all the restraint!

The truth is that the modern Jew, no matter how "pure" he may appear to pride and to prejudice, is Germanic or Slavic or North African Negro or Latin or Levantine. He is of the same mongrel race, with a similar dominant strain, as the peoples among whom he lives—if he has slept there long enough. And the degree to which he differs from them can be traced to some prior lengthy abode. American Jews who have been here for two centuries are as American as anybody else who has been here that long. And Jews more recently arrived are no more and no less alien than other recent arrivals. Yet the world insists that the Jew *cannot* be what he obviously is. It is as though the Jews are what they are, not by birth and climate and nurture, but by blood transfusion and protective coating and social trickery.

Of course you can always "tell a Jew"—always as often as not. But the anthropologists can't, for the closer they measure him the less Jewish he is. Nor is it, as is widely believed, such a remarkable feat to single out the members of a merely sociological race. Any child is more sensitive to a "problem" than to its causes. Through long practice I can "tell" Negroes who are white. But the fact remains, they *are* white. Indeed, one of the paradoxes of race prejudice is that a professional Negro is far more likely to succeed in his profession of black leadership if he *is* white; just as a professional Zionist is far more impressive on the bench of the United States Supreme Court than in the pulpit of a jingoist synagogue. The bourgeois world is always glad to show not only its tolerance but its respect for those members of a minority group who gain rather than suffer through its disabilities.

II

Yet there are Jews in the world. My good friend Dr. Wilhelm Cohnstaedt, former editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and as *echt Deutsch* as Hans Sachs, actually feels himself an alien in his own land, which only recently admitted to citizenship its mongrel dictator. Jews exist, if only as a state of mind. And a state of mind cannot be dismissed without being deepened. The Jewish dilemma is real with all the force of great tragedy, whose nature it is to heighten reality. The Jewish problem has a historical cause; it has run a varied yet definite course; and it has a multiform, often contradictory, and unique symptomatology. In short, it has a cultural background, and it functions as a social neurosis in time of social peace and as a social psychosis in time of social war.

When the Jewish clans were in the national making,

and especially when they were a nation, there obviously was such a thing as a Jewish culture. Even this original culture had neurotic beginnings, as have all pure theocracies. Jewish homogeneity was always cemented by the fear of a jealous God. Hence the exclusive and monolithic character of that culture, whose genius is attested by a profound literature. This literature had great poetry and great prophecy, that is, both inner wisdom and public direction. But its wisdom and its direction were cramped by the totalitarian, theocratic, juridical way of life out of which they grew. That is why, instead of broadening the culture, it narrowed and strengthened it; and finally paralyzed it. Ancient Judaism was really a highly sophisticated and gifted expression of tribal fascism.

The dispersion broke up the physical cohesion of this culture. It no longer had a geographical home. It no longer had a demographical base. A closed community became a universal diffusion. Not ten but all twelve tribes of Israel got lost, not only in the physical world but in the historical process. The modern Jew, removed by some ninety migratory generations from his Arabic source, has lost not only his anthropological but also his cultural continuity. He has nothing left of the original theocracy but its theological tradition, which he usually observes in the breach. A way of life became a memory of behavior. Judaism survived only as a sectarian fixation, ranging in intensity from the tantrums and taboos of primitive orthodoxy through the confused symbolism which motivates a Warburg on the Day of Atonement to that shadowy feeling of "being Jewish" which is more a vague sense of anxiety than a consciousness of culture.

However, the Christian revolution against the pharisaism of the Jewish theocracy infused new life into the Jewish culture-religion and thereby created the new myth of Judaeo-Christianity. This new myth shows all the traumatic characteristics of its origin. A "wrathful" and "jealous" God is killed, in the person of His own Son, by His own children. And the wages of this inexpressible sin is the permanent consciousness of guilt which is at the heart of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Myth riding history!

This new myth received a tremendous impetus from the intolerable class-exploitation of the Roman world, for it satisfied the appalling need of that world to rationalize its own consciousness of guilt, its sense of sin, and its despair. And it is precisely because of the vitality of early Christianity that pure Judaism, having fulfilled its function of generating this new myth, survived only as a sectarian fixation. It became a cult parading as culture, to serve as a foil for the militant intolerance of Judaeo-Christianity. And this intolerance, which was an expression of social guilt, continued because the class struggle continued. Medieval society succeeded Roman society. Primitive capitalism succeeded feudalism. Finance capitalism is in power today. But social exploitation remains. And so the sense of guilt persists. Hence wherever class domination is at its strongest, there we are likely to find anti-Semitism at its darkest. What the world can never really forgive the Jew is that in his own image he has given it the Christ who disapproves of what it is doing between Monday and

Saturday and of its hypocrisy on Sundays and holidays.

Anti-Semitism then is the *relation* between the Jew and the world, in which both share, not unlike the relation in an unhappy marriage where neither husband nor wife is to blame but the bond between them is sick. The main difference is that an unhappily married couple can separate, while Jewry and world are inseparable. Hence the fantastic alternative of "segregation" or "assimilation," as though a psychosis could be either isolated or digested. It is as though one way to cure an asylum Napoleon were to marry him off to a lady who fancies herself to be Josephine; and the other way were to ship him off to St. Helena, which is precisely what the Zionists are trying to do.

III

And now let us look into the actual mechanism of this Jewish question.

The Jewish state of mind functions in a characteristic paradox. It shows itself partly in the very strenuousness of the resemblance of the Jews to the peoples among whom they live—and of whom they are indeed a part. And it shows itself also in the strange fact that this resemblance never quite achieves identity. It is this marginal failure which explains the high tension of the Jewish temperament, be it too reserved or too strident. It is this same marginal failure which is a source of both Jewish pride and shame. And it is this same marginal failure in every country which is the international bond of the Jews and which enables the more hare-brained anti-Semites to blame them for all international phenomena, from communism to finance capitalism. In common opinion the Jew is racially separate but psychologically assimilable. Exactly the opposite is true. The Jew is racially almost extinct, but because of the "racial" psychosis between Jewry and world he is psychologically unassimilable.

In a world of separatist cultures, of racial obsessions, of national jingoisms, of class wars, an international minority which everywhere just fails of regional assimilation is alien, irritating, and suspect to the average man. For the average man feels at home only in the civilization to which he is house-broken; and the slightly alien disturbs him far more than the totally alien. The flaw in the likeness of the Jews to the Joneses annoys the Joneses; which in turn gripes the Jews, for they practically are Joneses. This maladjustment between Jewry and world cannot be assimilated. This psychosis may be either disregarded, in which case the Jews become a nation within a nation, or it may be suppressed, or conceivably it may be cured.

In Poland, where for various reasons even partial assimilation was impossible, this psychosis has turned into permanent madness. Poland today is an anti-Semitic lunatic asylum where the Jewish Poles have become rigidly set in a primitive tribalism, of which the Dybbuk is a fitting symbol, while the other Poles are as rigidly fixated in a barbarous anti-Semitism, of which the permanent pogrom is a natural expression.

In Germany, on the other hand, where the Jew was almost completely "assimilated," what really happened

was that the psychosis was merely profoundly suppressed. And when Hitlerism tried to cure the social and economic havoc of a defeated capitalism with an exaggerated chauvinism, it became obvious that the German-Jewish psychosis never had been assimilated. It flared up into violent social insanity. And because of the criminal tendencies and sexual deformities of Nazi leadership, German anti-Semitism took the form of a mass *crime passionnel*.

IV

On the crazy affinity between Jewry and world whole philosophies and institutions of pride and of fear and of abysmal ignorance have been built. Professional Jews have made careers of the "culture" of Judaism. Professional Jew-baiters have made careers of anti-Semitism. And what is just as bad, a "liberal" attitude of mutual tolerance for this neurotic condition has laid claim to the world's admiration.

To the professional Jew all civilization is a Jewish monopoly. And he is forever digging through history and combing the globe to check up on the boys who made good, in the hope that a Jewish destiny may have shaped their ends. The professional Jew has nothing to learn about *Rassenkultur* from the Gobineaus and Houston Stewart Chamberlains or even the psychiatric ideals of Herr Hitler. He is the original aristocrat of race prejudice, who is outraged by these parvenus in racial obsession.

The professional Jew, more often than not an unconscious anti-Semite, is always faced by the professional Jew-hater, the morbid sadist who can't let Jewry alone. To the professional anti-Semite civilization is not merely a Jewish monopoly; it is a Jewish conspiracy. Nazi professors have conclusively shown that the Pope is a Jew whose "real name" is Finkelstein, that President Roosevelt's "real name" is Rosenfeld, and that J. P. Morgan and Company, that most notoriously Jewish of all notorious firms, subsidized Lenin and Trotsky, whose "real names" were Zederblum and Bronstein, in order to wreck Jewish capitalism with Jewish Marxism. They have also shown that Jesus and eleven of the Apostles were really "Aryans." For the professional Jew-hater differs from the professional Jew, whose mania it is to claim all public figures possible, in that he picks and chooses to suit his own insane convenience.

Such is history according to the Jewish-fascist lamentations of the professional Jew and the Aryan-fascist shrieks of the professional Nazi. Ordinary public opinion, that is, common middle-class ignorance, by and large accepts both of these contradictory lunacies. The average American agrees with the cracked notion of the professional Jew that the Jews as a whole are a lot brighter, abler, shrewder, and altogether superior fellows. Then he agrees with the equally cracked notion of the Jew-baiter that they are invariably greedier, greasier, louder, and more crooked than their fellow-citizens, and of course a much poorer fire risk. And just to show that he accepts both fantasies quite impartially, he smugly remarks that some of his best friends are Jews.

This confusion in the public mind leads to a chronic anti-Semitism as infectious as the common cold. For obvi-

ously a minority which is so much better than the rest of us must be put down. And equally obviously a minority which is so much worse than the rest of us must also be put down. In times of comparative social peace this chronic anti-Semitism confines itself to a phlegmatic neurosis. In times of social strain and struggle it flares up into the psychosis of violent hate. But at all times this discriminatory confusion is so pervasive that even philo-Semitic efforts are tinged by it, indeed part of it. For there can be no bourgeois defense of the Jews which is not a mere palliation of Jew hatred, which is not a mere effort to keep anti-Semitism well-bred and respectable. One of the historic pleas for toleration of the Jews consists, in fact, of the argument that since they are almost indistinguishable from the Joneses, since there are so few of them, and since these few labor under considerable disabilities, there is really no danger whatever of their domination. Every ten years or so some astute publicist, with liberal intention, will prove statistically that the Jews can't get us. Why pogroms if prejudice will do?

V

The magazine *Fortune** some time ago hit upon this brilliant if somewhat hoary idea of stemming a more ominous anti-Semitism by objectively proving that the present disabilities of the Jews are perfectly sufficient to keep them in their place. The editors shrewdly suspected that the Jews, being a minority group, probably lack even proportional representation in the power and wealth of the country. Guided by this sound suspicion, they decided to find out just how much of America the Jews really control; just how smart (or dumb) they actually are; and to just what degree they endanger this Christian commonwealth.

Accordingly *Fortune* organized one of its sociological Abercrombie and Fitch expeditions to gather an article. The head of this expedition was Archibald MacLeish, a sociological ingenue of great personal culture and with a real desire for social decency. Assisted by the usual number of beaters and boys and natives from Yale, the *Fortune* expedition took off and explored the whole of our racial wilderness to hunt for Jewish big game in the wistful hope of catching only small Jewish fry. It returned rich in facts, its hope fully justified. But practically all of its findings I could have discovered, at far less expense, in the main reading-room of the public library. The only really startling fact the *Fortune* expedition brought home is that Douglas Fairbanks, the former better half of America's sweetheart, is after all one of our boys.

The findings appeared in the February issue of *Fortune*. They immediately made a "sensation." Professional and even amateur Jews all over the country, who in fear of a growing anti-Semitism are at the moment anxious to show that the Jews by no means have it all over the Goyim, demanded that the study be republished in book form. So it was. And the blurb writer, with every evidence of being sold by his own sales talk, informs the reader that "the FACTS contained in 'Jews in America' will be

*"Jews in America." By the Editors of *Fortune*. Random House.

startling . . . will surprise . . . will be of profound interest to every American . . .," will bowl you over!

Now just what does "Jews in America" show? It shows that the Jews do *not* run this country. It proves that they exercise no greater power than their numbers warrant, in fact considerably less, as might be expected from a minority group under frequently open and permanently invidious discrimination. *Fortune* discovered, for instance, that of the 420 listed directors of the New York Clearing House in 1933, only 30 were Jews; and half of those were bunched in two minor trust companies. It found that in the investment field there are a few large Jewish houses, such as Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, the Speyers, the Seligmans, and the Lehmans. But all these houses have Gentile partners, and none of them begins to compare in power with the great non-Jewish firms.

In the basic industries—in coal, steel, oil, rubber, shipping, transportation—there are practically no Jews at all. Jewish ownership is really confined to light industry, to merchandising, and—ironically—to the manufacture and sale of amusement. Jews control the clothing industry because so many of them started as tailors. There are a good many Jewish department stores because so many Jews started as peddlers and small storekeepers. The Jews have had a great deal to do with the movies because so many of them started nickelodeons. Today, however, Jewish control of the great motion-picture companies is far from monopolistic. My own feeling is that with the advancing control by finance capital of all other forms of Big Ownership, Jewish control is likely to shrink. The Morgans and Rockefellers and Mellons are not in the habit of inviting Jews to their melon-slicing parties or for a swim in their private pools of watered stock. To sum up, *Fortune* found that of the 80,000 individuals listed in Poor's Register of Directors only "4.7 per cent seemed to be Jewish," just about the proportion of other Americans who seem to be Jewish; and these few are certainly not among the towering exploiters.

In the professions, in medicine and law, the proportion of Jews is no greater than the proportion of Jews to the rest of the country. And their power, in terms of hospital connections or membership in leading law firms, is infinitely less. In other learned professions, I feel certain, the Jews enjoy less than their quota. Owing to their background as well as to their difficulty in finding good jobs, Jews prefer the merchandising professions of law and medicine to the salaried professions of engineering or architecture. There are some Jewish university professors. But with very few and honorable exceptions they are not men of great distinction or intellectual integrity. Mostly they rise on the academic escalator, safe and sane and respectable proofs for the boast of our higher learning that it does not draw the anti-Semitic line. But in fact they are the exception which proves the line of academic anti-Semitism. And more often than not they are far more adept as expert lickspittles than as expert authorities. In short, conventionally successful Jews, like conventionally successful leaders in other handicapped minorities, get there less through their authentic ability than through their gift of conformity. And since they never achieve

real power, they are ominous mainly as dinner partners.

The expedition fully satisfied the editors of *Fortune* that the Jews are no danger. The Jews control no more than their share, and even that share, though somewhat more strident, is far less important. Obviously, there is no need for an artificial *numerus clausus*, because bourgeois Jewry has a congenital quota of ability which pretty much parallels Gentile capacities. The liberal conclusion is clear. If the Jews are so much like the rest of us but are only 4 per cent of us, and even these 4 per cent labor under various open and covert disabilities, *then why all the fuss?*

Unfortunately this fuss has been going on for thousands of years because the Jewish question has nothing to do with these things. The Jewish problem, as I have tried to show, is the sick relation between Jewry and world, a consciousness of social guilt which goes with social war. The mechanism of this Judaeo-Christian psychosis is a unique expression of man's brutality to man.

Mr. MacLeish did not allay my fear that the Jews may control America. I have no such fear, provided they are not professional Jews. It is not the Jew but the reactionary in Barney Baruch to whom I object, just as it is not the Anglo-Saxon but the reactionary in Mr. Lamont who must not be allowed power. What the editors of *Fortune* assume is that if all public figures were Jews there would be reason to worry. And since they can easily show that no dominant group is ever entirely or even largely composed of a suppressed minority, they feel that America is safe and anti-Semitism silly. To me anti-Semitism is evil for very different reasons. I wouldn't care if all bankers were Jews—or for that matter all university professors were Negroes or all Cabinet members American Indians—provided they were the men for the job as it needs to be done. Incidentally we know that the distribution of human ability makes it quite impossible for any minority to monopolize it. The only way a minority, be it of race or of class, can disable the majority is through the police powers of the state.

VI

Bourgeois society cannot solve the Jewish problem any more than could feudal or ancient society. It has nothing to offer but the hoary alternative of segregation or assimilation. Neither of these is a cure; both are myths. Segregation, as the American Negro shows in his very complexion, does not segregate. It merely acts as a morbid attraction. Every Ghetto in history, whether it was actually physical or sublimated into social discrimination, has acted as a maleficent magnet for the worst features of both groups. The earlocks of orthodox Jewry in Poland are far blonder than those in the Ghetto of Tunis. Segregation is a suppressed, secret, anti-social affinity. And the cultural intercourse between two groups under segregation, no matter what subtle forms it may take, invariably binds them with the neurotic ties which bind the split personality.

Bourgeois assimilation, as I have shown, is no less a chimera. Even though thousands of Jews may "pass," the Jewish problem remains. For bourgeois "assimilation" is not assimilation to social democracy but to bourgeois prejudice. The Jew who becomes assimilated to bourgeois

society, thereby becomes assimilated to bourgeois anti-Semitism. Some time ago a Jewish classmate of mine proudly informed me that he had "got into" the Harvard Club. "If you have made good, you have no trouble at all," he boasted. Here is your whole mechanism of bourgeois assimilation. Denial is not cure. To be Jewish is not a secret vice but a social absurdity. It may be convenient and clever and even advisable to change Schoenberg into Belmont. But it surely is no fundamental therapy. The only way to solve the Jewish problem is to solve the great problem of social and industrial democracy.

That is why I have found, to my amazement, that the little Jewish tailor who shouts in Yiddish in his Socialist or union local is far less race-conscious than the big German-Jewish banker whose family has been here for a century. Unlike the banker, he does not want to join a club in order to snub others. He wants a society which everyone can join in security and justice. He may not get such a society for a long time to come. And when he gets it, it will no doubt have its terrible faults. But at least he is on the way.

You've guessed it: the answer is Marxism!

The South Is Rising

BY MAURY MAVERICK

BURIED under the rapidly deteriorating soil and choked economically from the outside and inside since it lost the Civil War, somehow the South is rising. We have been robbed by cotton speculators, utilities, big-town and small-town money lenders. We have sent our "upper" classes off to Northern colleges and our poorer ones off to be burned up by machines in Eastern industrial cities, and we have thus been drained of our best energies. We have taken punishment long enough and we are sick of it.

There are signs of revolt. As yet it is only a vague rumbling restlessness, but it is growing and cannot be ignored. In this revolt look back to that figure that rose up in the eroded hills of Louisiana—Huey Long. In his bones and his blood was deep hatred born of the oppression, undernourishment, sorrow, misery, ignorance, and desperation of his people. Raging in his soul, he clattered on the scene and slashed and cut and cursed the gods of oil and sulphur—his first hates—and then all the other gods right across the national scene. He was like a violent Gargantua shouting his Rabelaisian song as he went. God rest his troubled soul in peace. There was much in him that was vicious but what he stirred up cannot be downed.

Drawn by this ferment but not part of it, except to get the little lickin's around the kettle of graft, have come lesser ones like Talmadge. Talmadge—little, mean, cheap, and common—with not a millionth of the brains and none of the endearing qualities of Huey—inheriting only what was dangerous in him. Others as well have rattlesnaked up and have for the time fooled and are fooling Southern people, who have been slugged so long that they are easy to deceive.

Against what are the Southerners rising? They are beginning to rise out of their slavish submission to an economy which has given them the sweet imaginary odor of the magnolia blossoms—and also poverty, hunger, hopelessness. They are rising against the economic consequences of Appomattox; against what Charles W. Pipkin calls "selfish interests that have been able to screen themselves behind . . . Southern ideals, . . . traditions

which they meant to exploit and degrade." They have had enough of that inferiority complex which takes the form of a reminiscent self-satisfaction born of the war gloriously lost. They are rising finally against political separatism which brings inequality and a system of business enterprise which has drained the South of its natural and human resources for three-quarters of a century.

An indication that the South is beginning to prepare for action is the recent formation in Washington of the Southern Policy Committee. Numbering among its members many Southern Congressmen and officials in the various administrative departments of the government, the committee represents a valid Southern movement of a genuinely progressive nature. The nation will be hearing from it before very long.

What are the facts and forces behind the present restlessness of the South? First of all King Cotton is dead, and the South knows he will never rise again. Cotton was king after the Civil War, but at no time was he a gentleman—George V. He was a blooming Hitler who ordered the Southerners to grow cotton and sell it for cash—or be purged by starvation. The results of cotton tyranny are inscribed on the death scroll of soil erosion. Mississippi has 63.7 per cent of its farm lands injured by sheet erosion and 47.1 per cent by gullying; Tennessee, where over half the land has been rendered valueless for farming, has the same proportion of sheet erosion and 80.7 per cent of gullying; Big-Mouthed Eugene's Georgia, 50 per cent washed out, is going fast. Sixty-one per cent of the nation's eroded land lies in the South. Five million more acres of fertile bottom land have been lost to cultivation through stream choking and floods, and twenty million tons a year of potash, nitrogen, and phosphates race to the ocean from the stark fields of the old cotton empire.

This relentless drainage creates a vicious circle in which the South is forced to grow cotton for sale in order to buy fertilizer (5,500,000 tons of it a year, compared with 2,500,000 tons for all the rest of the nation) with which to grow cotton for sale. Sacrificing all to cotton, the South has neglected its other agricultural opportunities and has

been compelled to buy produce it could grow more economically itself. Christmas trees from the West Coast are sold in the Carolinas, land of evergreens; spinach and carrots from distant California are sold in the Southeast; Southern farmers buy winter rutabagas from Canada and cabbage from everywhere; hay, corn, and feed are sold by the West to the Southeast, and those that can afford it live to a large extent on canned goods bought from nearly anywhere but from the South. For the South to import these things, a group of Southern economists have recently stated, "results in everyday scarcity of what could abound without limits." Furthermore the goods the South buys must jump the prices jacked up by a high tariff wall; but the goods it sells must grovel and beg miserably under the protectionist spite-fence and compete against the whole wide world. This would be enough to explain the unenviable records of the South in American agriculture: the lowest per capita farm income; the lowest income per farm worker; the lowest return per horse-power unit; the lowest ratio of income from livestock; the lowest per capita amount of pure-bred livestock; the lowest production of milk and butter.

Worse still is the human drain on the South. Since the turn of the century it has had a net loss of three and a half million people. In the single decade of 1920-30, 380,000 Negroes emigrated to Northern cities. The charts of population movements prepared by the government show the people fleeing from the South as from the invasion of a foreign army, black and white alike, flooding north, west, and even down into Florida, from the devastated provinces

of our dead king. Of those who are left behind, many live in areas where from half to nine-tenths of the children receive diets inadequate by any human standard, resulting in disease, feeble-mindedness, and social degeneration. A particularly bitter aspect of the emigration is that it empties the South of its best leaders and turns them into betrayers of their homeland. Education in the South may lag behind the national average but it has its high spots equal to any in the country. The University of North Carolina is outstanding as an intellectual center, Texas has perhaps the finest university library in America, while Rice, Duke, and others offer the same advantages to students as any of the old pre-revolutionary Eastern universities. Yet traditionally substantial numbers of the most intelligent—educated on the last resources of proud families—go North, there engaging in the exploitation of the land of their birth. By the contracts they learned to write in Eastern colleges, by ownership documents, mortgages, bonds, stocks, utilities, and rail franchises, they syphon out our salt, oil, sulphur, cattle, cotton, and natural resources, along with the brain and brawn that must inevitably follow.

This exodus has helped nobody. By draining off the population it has inflicted heavy loss on the South, and by flooding other parts of the country with millions of unorganized, uneducated, untrained day laborers it has lowered purchasing power and wage scales in those regions, thus causing economic loss to the nation as a whole.

It is easy for critics whose ignorance and prejudice are different only in kind from ours to say categorically just what is wrong with the South. The story, however, is deeper than they know. Some, with Abolitionist psychology, blame the planters. But planters and tenants are caught in the same trap. Landlordism is the curse of the South, but it is a stupid landlordism that denies profitable production and purchasing power to its serfs. It is the hateful landlordism of the anonymous—the banks, the insurance companies, the distant investors, the credit lines, the bankruptcy receiver-ships, all the dreary apparatus of financial exploitation by remote control. All this time most Southerners have thought, if they have taken time to think at all, that it was exploitation by the Northerners of which they were the victims. The same crowd of exploiters are doing in the North and West just what they are doing in the South. Exploitation knows no geographical divisions.

So the South has decided to muscle in at the national table. Southerners have come to real-



ize that helped by their climate they can, by conservation and coordination, change their record of the lowest per capita farm income to the highest.

Who but a couple of damned Yankees should be the ones to have led the South to this realization? Senator George W. Norris and President Roosevelt, by setting up the TVA, have given the South the first real hope of revival it has known since the Civil War. They marched in, pitched camp and set to work, but unlike General Sherman, they came with an army of construction. Covering 40,000 square miles, enriching the lives of over two million people, TVA has become the great central dynamo for seven states. TVA has brought light, heat, and power to the destitute South. Its enemies, the utilities, backed by their Eastern friends and by Southern gentlemen who have stolen carpet-bags, still fight it bitterly. They profess to see in TVA a deliberate slap in their faces from the hand of Roosevelt. They picture the President sitting off in Washington, like a Count of Monte Cristo, throwing gold into pet schemes like TVA merely to gratify a personal hate for the private power groups. But they have not seen the truth, for TVA is a great deal more than just a negative gesture of spite. It is a break for, and *in*, the South and it is also the most successful enterprise of the New Deal. The great majority of the Southern people realize that Roosevelt is the only President who has given the South full support, full encouragement, full recognition since the

Civil War. The allegiance and strict obedience of Southern Senators and Representatives is sincere and almost fanatical. Roosevelt, heart, liver, and lights, is our man.

Together he and Norris have set 16,000 men to work. They are unlocking the magic of electricity and farm technology in an area which was one of the most backward in the entire nation, releasing the energies of modern science with a dash and morale akin to that of war. A little army but a victorious one—victorious over local prejudice, victorious over utilities, partially victorious even over the Supreme Court.

What this peace army means for the South not even those who know the South can say. It means breaking with a past which took mournful pride in having been overpowered, not licked, by the Yankees, and which despised the only means by which the defeated Confederacy could convert defeat into victory. Yes, there is another Southern rebellion. But there is no nonsense or equivocation about the facts. There are no bugles, no faint smells of imaginary magnolias, no inferiority complexes. It is a rebellion in which Northerners—damned Yankees—lend assistance to the grandsons of the ragged troopers who starved and fought and died with Jackson and Lee. Both have found that they have a common enemy—and that enemy is to be seen not in terms of sectional cleavage but in terms of economic power.

The New Soviet Constitution

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May
WHEN a truth about the Soviet Union is told too early to unprepared minds it is dismissed as "propaganda." Three years ago it was "propaganda" to say that the U. S. S. R. was successfully carrying out an unprecedentedly broad and rapid program of industrialization. Now for a few years it will be "propaganda" to say that Russia is scrapping the dictatorship and establishing a real democracy.

It is interesting that when I first wrote about the democratization of the U. S. S. R. in the middle of 1935, even those Soviet Communists with whom I discussed the trend were not aware of its existence. For there has been no popular demand for democracy. The dictatorship is not retreating under pressure. It is voluntarily abdicating.

Though I violently dislike the raucous paeans of praise for Stalin which are repeated in this country with benumbing frequency and monotony, I must add my voice to the chorus. Democratization is not a whim inspired by a moment or a bit of opportunism provoked by a temporary situation. Stalin apparently thought this out years ago. He has been preparing it ever since 1931. Forward-looking people abroad will hail the change toward democracy. Yet most of them swore at the costly and often cruel steps by which the U. S. S. R. approached the goal.

The Bolsheviks know from their own and from foreign experience that when several classes exist, one dominates the others. No matter what we call it, such a relationship is a dictatorship. In Stalin's view, therefore, the road to Soviet democracy lay through the annihilation of certain classes and the equalization of those which remained. This describes the painful social process through which the U. S. S. R. has passed in the last six years.

With the opening of the first Five-Year Plan in 1929 the city bourgeoisie—the Nepmen of dim memory—finally disappeared. Stalin's six-point speech of June 23, 1931, buried the policy of unfair discrimination against the intelligentsia and raised the professional groups to the political level of the proletariat. Materially, these engineers, physicians, and others were better off than workers. But the fate of the peasantry, more than anything else, would determine the future of socialism and of democracy. In 1929 agrarian collectivization commenced, and with it the persecution, expulsion, and economic destruction of the kulaks, the relatively more prosperous or at least more hopeful peasants whose vain belief in the preservation of Russian capitalism led them into stubborn resistance to the socialization of agriculture. The bulk of the peasantry joined the collectives. Here their political conversion made rapid strides. They ceased to be the competitors of the

socialist city. They became its collaborators in the erection of a new system of society. They were consequently entitled to equal rights. In February, 1935, Premier Molotov announced the new constitution which would grant equal suffrage to peasants. Today the vote of a Soviet workingman is worth five peasant votes. The Bolsheviks deliberately put this provision into their earlier constitution because they were afraid of being overwhelmed by a huge hostile rural electorate. Now, however, the collectivized peasant represents no danger to socialism. Culturally and materially the village is being lifted to urban levels. Political leveling follows. As a corollary of this political reform came the statutes of March, 1935, which instituted a new regime in the collectives whereby the general assembly of each *kolhoz* became its highest authority; the assembly can even overrule the village Communists, who had previously dominated. The village thus won a large measure of economic self-government.

Advancing technique and mounting culture make the Soviet workingman an embryonic intellectual. Through the mechanization of agriculture many peasants are at the same time workers. The difference between brain and brawn and between factory and farm grows narrower. The divisions still exist, but these classes are complementary to one another, instead of hostile as before. Under the new constitution they will enjoy the same rights and prerogatives. The class war, therefore, has practically ended in the U. S. S. R. A few anti-Soviet individuals there are, but no anti-Soviet classes or even fractions of classes. A homogeneous Soviet nation is being born, and the authorities are straining every muscle—with what success I do not yet know—to cultivate a new patriotism and a new consciousness of nationhood.

Internal peace, plenty, and progress conduce to democracy; their opposites, to dictatorship. The Soviet Union, therefore, can safely move away from dictatorship toward democracy. Abroad it will be said that democratization is an expedient to make the population more loyal in case of war. That will be its effect; it is not its cause. Soviet democracy is a logical, natural outgrowth of years of revolutionary history. The war menace, which the Bolsheviks are no longer exaggerating, slackens the speed of the advance toward democracy. It cannot interrupt it.

This summer the Bolshevik Party will definitely write the birth certificate of the new democracy. National elections on the old basis will then take place for an extraordinary Congress of Soviets, which alone has the formal right to annul the former constitution and adopt the new one. Immediately thereupon a second nation-wide poll will be announced to elect the Soviet Union's first parliament. The elections will be secret and direct. Citizens will cast their ballots for or against particular candidates, who, if successful, will become members of parliament. Hitherto national bodies have been chosen indirectly.

Parliament will consist of two houses. The lower chamber will count some 600 members elected by popular vote. The Senate will number approximately 300 members selected by the legislative assemblies or governments of the several constituent republics and autonomous territories which comprise the Soviet Union. The commission which

drafted the constitution considered the advisability of direct elections for this body, too, but decided in favor of an upper house which would represent the many Soviet nationalities. At present the Soviet Union is a federation of seven national republics: the Russian Federation, the Ukraine, White Russia, the Caucasus Federation, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, and Tadzhikistan. Now the Caucasus Federation will be broken up into its three units—Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan—each of which rises to the status of a national republic. Moreover, Kazakhstan and Kirghiz will be detached from the bulky Russian Federation and given independent existence. These eleven major republics will each select about ten senators; the smaller nationalities which the republics embrace will likewise send their senators to Moscow. Instead of seven presidents of the Soviet Union, one from each national republic, there will be one supreme president of the Union elected by parliament.

Both houses may initiate legislation, but the lower house will enjoy greater authority. It is assumed that parliament will sit twice a year for two-month sessions. During the remaining eight months commoners and senators will resume their ordinary tasks. One may go back to his lathe, the other to his plow, a third to the operating theater, a fourth to his job as governor of a province. The Bolsheviks definitely do not want to divorce the executive from the legislative branches of government. The local administrator or the director of a plant or the teacher has intimate contact with life and knows best what laws the country needs. Having passed the laws, he presumably will know best how to put them into effect. Between sessions the congressman comes to his constituency not as a visitor but as a participator.

Stalin has said in private that the parliamentary elections will serve as a sort of examination of officials. Should these officials displease the population, they will be rejected if they stand for parliament. And then, of course, they will be discharged from office too. The bureaucrat is exposed to popular disfavor. This is the most effective weapon against bureaucracy.

Any organized group of citizens can add names to the list of candidates for parliamentary seats. Such groups might be the party, the trade unions, cooperatives, academic societies, university student bodies, voluntary corporations like the Osoaviakhim (an organization for encouraging civil aviation and teaching the people protection against air bombing and gas attacks), and so on. Each candidate will engage in a pre-election campaign in which he will naturally extol his own virtues and reveal the shortcomings of his rivals. This will be a school of democracy such as Russia has never known. The vote will be cast by a mark opposite the favored person's name or by scratching out all the others.

Both houses of parliament will contain Communists and non-Communists. Here, in a sense, are two parties already. Indeed, the proportion of non-Communists may be quite large. The range of choice may not be very wide in the beginning, but the system affords scope for a reflection of public opinion.

Place of residence will determine where one votes.



Soviet Court

Drawing by Gropper

This is a crucial change. Members of municipal soviets are now elected by factories or offices voting as units. This is an essential characteristic of the Soviet system. Its replacement by parliamentary elections according to territorial divisions should herald the end of the Soviet system. Domicile is more or less accidental, and its use as a basis of voting stresses unifying aspects—a locksmith may live on the same street with a professor—whereas voting according to place of work emphasized the criteria which once distinguished one class from another. Fewer inhabitants, moreover, will be disfranchised. The promulgation of the new constitution granting suffrage to many persons now deprived of it—ex-kulaks, former political enemies, and others—will have the effect of an amnesty. Simultaneously Moscow will probably indicate that the Soviet Union is a refuge for all enemies of foreign dictatorship except those who advocate or practice individual terror.

The new constitution is a distinct advance toward democracy. The people of the Soviet Union, when they actually control their own affairs, will control all their affairs—political, economic, social and cultural—for no fields will be reserved to private interests. The forthcoming statutes, to be sure, declare that not only national property but also certain forms of private property are "holy," but this second category is small and includes such unimportant items as a single house or apartment, a summer bungalow, an automobile, a library, a cow. Personal wealth is "holy," not capital.

This concession to personal wealth is also a partial concession to the inviolability of one's person. In the final analysis the question of democracy in the U. S. S. R. is the question of the GPU, or the Internal Commissariat, as it was renamed after the recent restriction of its authority. Equality of political rights is a great deal but not enough. The essence of democracy lies in civil rights. The new constitution contains a long section about justice. The administration of justice through the public courts,

as distinguished from direct action by the Internal Commissariat, will be strengthened. Ultimately the judges in the people's or lower magistrates' courts will be elected by popular vote. This is the first of a large number of steps required for the creation of an independent judiciary.

There remains the question of the Communist Party, which is still the spearhead of dictatorship. But here also many changes have occurred in recent years. On May 2, 1935, Stalin said that there were "party and non-party Bolsheviks." That is, there were staunch, devoted Communists who could be trusted even though they possessed no party card. He might have added that there were

Communists who had the party card but did not merit it. Party membership no longer carries with it a monopoly of loyalty and authority. Moreover, as the years go by, the line of demarcation between party and government grows less distinct. The function and activities of the party now merge with those of the government. More than ever the government's newspaper *Izvestia* looks like a twin brother of the party organ *Pravda*. Where does the talented Lazar Kaganovich cease to be a member of the party's supreme Politbureau and become the government's Commissar of Railways? The government cannot disappear. Perhaps, by and by, the party will; the Komsomol, or League of Communist Youth, has already lost most of its political physiognomy. These developments do not impend today or the day after tomorrow. I am sketching a distant perspective which, nevertheless, is the frame for the concrete measures already being introduced to make a real democracy.

While the threat of attack lurks in the Far East and in Europe, the dictatorship must be within call. On the other hand, Soviet democracy may lessen the likelihood of world war. If the English "young Conservatives" were to realize that together with France and Russia they could afford to take a stand on principle and oppose both the Italian and German menaces to the British Empire, a bloc of democratic, anti-fascist states—the U. S. S. R., England, France, and Czecho-Slovakia—might stem aggression as well as reaction and turn Europe back toward sanity. A little spell of prosperity would facilitate this.

There are some slight indications that the tide of fascism in Europe is receding. The new Soviet constitution will be an important factor in this situation. Stalin is the chairman of the government commission which drafted the constitution, and the task, undertaken upon his initiative, had his minute guidance from start to finish. Collectivization, industrialization, and now the launching of democracy—with these remarkable achievements to his credit, Stalin's place in history is secure.

TVA: The New Deal's Best Asset

BY STUART CHASE

III. Planning by Consent

IN THE preceding articles I have tried to set the TVA upon the wider base of planned resources for human livelihood, and to enumerate the specific activities upon which the Authority is now engaged—activities which arise automatically when the control of a great watershed is undertaken. In this article let us inquire into the personnel, their point of view, their methods, and their success in overcoming opposition. How is the TVA progressing psychologically? What are the chances, from the human and the institutional points of view, of achieving its admittedly admirable objectives? Dams, locks, and generators can be built, and under such an engineer as Dr. A. E. Morgan superlatively well built, so long as Congress provides the money. This program, as we saw in the last article, is going briskly forward. What of human engineering; how are the people of the Valley going to live with their dams?

The total staff of the TVA now includes some 13,000 persons. About 5,000 are building engineering works. In their ranks are many highly skilled workers. About 4,000 are clearing reservoirs, most of them local farmers, unskilled in mechanical trades. Upward of 4,000 are salaried workers, technical or clerical. Here we find engineers, foresters, experts in the control of erosion, ecologists, geologists, physicists, chemists, agronomists, medical and sanitation experts, architects, statisticians, economists, sociologists, educational experts. We find a young woman whose duty it is to pacify the few rugged individualists who announce noisily that they would rather drown beneath the swelling reservoir than leave their cabins, and who will not sell at any price. The Liberty League should erect a monument to them, for they are as courageous as they are cracked. This young woman has a talent for absorbing their protestations and ultimately bringing them around.

The technical staff is not large considering the area involved—almost as large as England—and the mammoth task of reestablishing the economy of a whole region. This staff, however, is only the front line. Behind it is a much more numerous army made up of local organizations—county agents, Extension Service teachers from the land-grant colleges, school boards, farmers' cooperatives, the Red Cross, highway authorities, to name a few; and the staffs of other federal agencies—the Forest Service, the triple A, the triple C, the Resettlement Administration, the Bureau of Mines, the Reclamation Service (the greatest designers of dams in the world, with Boulder Dam as their outstanding achievement), Geological Survey, War Department, army engineers, and so on. The cooperation is genuine. There seems to be something about

the boldness and vigor of the whole enterprise which fires the imagination and enlists the support of all who come in contact with it.

Let me give you a concrete example of the kind of project with which the TVA has to cope. To protect the shores of the Norris reservoir from silting, pollution, mosquitoes, and real-estate operators, a quarter-mile strip surrounding the 775 miles of shore line has been purchased, to a total of 117,000 acres. It is to be known as Norris Forest. People who have their farms in this area must be provided for. This demands a Removal Section in cooperation with the Resettlement Administration and the Extension Service of the University of Tennessee. Its biggest job is to protect the migrants from the realtors. Then airplanes must go aloft and take mosaic photographs of the whole region for a basic land-use map, to be checked by field surveys. The 117,000 acres will be divided into ten functional areas, and for each area expert technical study and planning is required.

1. Settlement areas, where farms will be continued, the farmers to receive dependable cash income from forest work.
2. Crop lands, where agriculture is advisable under proper tillage methods.
3. Grazing lands, for lease under strict controls against overgrazing.
4. Permanent-yield forest (76,000 acres) for lumber production to perpetuity. Cutting is never to exceed annual growth. The lumber will produce revenue.
5. Tree-nursery area, including experimental work on erosion-control vegetation and forest crops which feed men and animals—black walnuts, Japanese chestnuts, persimmons, mulberries, pecans, and many others. Incidentally this is one of the most interesting experiments in the Valley, partly because of the exceptional competence of the scientist who has it in charge.
6. Game areas, for restricted hunting, for protected breeding of wild fowl, and for a sanctuary where no trespassing is permitted.
7. A wilderness area, for solitude. No improvements of any kind to be permitted. Thoreau would find peace here.
8. A primeval area, where the remnants of the virgin forest are to be protected.
9. A study area (6,000 acres), a laboratory for ecologists. No hunting permitted.
10. Recreation areas for campers, hikers, Boy Scouts, leased camp sites, and the rest. No hot-dog stands.

All this is but one part of one reservoir. When private airplanes are foolproof and cheap, I think I shall apply for a summer camp on the shores of Lake Norris. I know that its superb natural beauty can never be spoiled under this program but only enhanced.



Almost the first question which I asked upon arrival was the strength of the opposition. What vested interests are fighting the TVA? The answer was surprising. There is little organized opposition in the Valley. New York, pulling the strings to its puppets in Tennessee, registers the very considerable opposition of the power companies and of certain bankers and business men. But the mass of the people are for it—farmers, workers, mechanics. Main Street is for it, the small business men. Professional and middle-class people generally are for it. Some politicians are disgruntled because their wards find no jobs at the TVA without first undergoing an exhaustive test by the personnel division as to technical competence. Nothing is more discouraging to a politician's second cousin. The Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce blows hot and cold. At a recent meeting two resolutions were passed—one deploring the TVA on high moral grounds as a violator of sound American institutions, and the other demanding that all contracts for TVA supplies be let to Chattanooga business men. Thus the chamber roundly denounced the devil and in the same breath solicited his sulphur-and-brimstone business.

By and large, the Valley has been won over. When the Supreme Court's decision was handed down, people burst into spontaneous parades and celebrations. This is due in no small measure to the substantial cash disbursements which the construction of mighty engineering works entails. In greater part it is due to a friendly and diplomatic attitude. All three directors share this attitude, and all are responsible for it, but the initial credit probably goes to Dr. H. A. Morgan, who has lived in the Valley for forty years, studying its soil and learning to understand its people.

The TVA did not appear over the mountains, an alien swarm of bureaucrats, flourishing blueprints, prepared to tell the people of the Valley what to do, and like it. No. The temper of the Authority has been to ask the people: What do you want? How can we help you get it? This is your Valley; you live in it. Perhaps we can show you some ways of doing things whereby you can live better. We shall be glad to try. And the Valley, after the inevitable period of shock at anything new, was disarmed by this frankness and humility. Tentative cooperation turned into enthusiastic cooperation.

This basic assumption that the people of the Valley come first touched every member of the staff with whom I talked. All are interested in the men and women about them, especially in the hill people with their strong characters and original points of view. Stories run in relays from office to office and from mouth to mouth. For instance:

TVA CENSUS TAKER: Have you any children?

OLD FARMER: No, stranger, but I've got a dam fine hog.

TVA EROSION MAN: Perhaps we can show you a little something about scientific agriculture.

GEORGIA CRACKER: Well sir, I've run through three farms, and pretty well used up this one. You can't tell me nothing about farming.

ONE OLD-TIMER TO ANOTHER: I tell you this TVA juice is cleaner than private-company juice. It's made with running water and not with dirty coal.

Whenever possible, the TVA works through local groups which are already organized and functioning. If none exist, the TVA starts them. The technique has now reached almost Machiavellian proportions. To obtain rural electric-power lines, farmers must first form a local cooperative. When approached, a given county may be on the defensive. So the TVA agents call a meeting and simply tell the story of what rural electrification means, what it costs, and what its benefits are. Then they pack their charts and prepare to leave, remarking as they take their hats that this particular county is a difficult one to service. The meeting, they point out, was called to get the general news before the farmers. Some day, perhaps, if all goes well, a line might be arranged. But hardly now. No indeed, not now. From defensive the audience turns to offensive. Why not now? What's the matter with this county? Why can't we have what other counties have? Mister, where are those blanks? We'll have a full list of names for you tomorrow, no, tonight; and we'll sign up that 662 kilowatts per mile. What do you mean, we can't have TVA power now? And the cooperative is enthusiastically launched under its own steam, with full local responsibility.

The TVA act directs that surplus power shall be sold first to public groups—cities, towns, rural cooperatives—and if any remains, to private power companies and industries. In 1935 plenty did remain, and \$500,000 of current was sold to private companies. The outlet to municipalities has been slow, owing to the desperate legal battle being waged by the power interests. It takes from three to seven years, thousands of dollars, and an interregnum of thoroughly bad service for the citizens of any

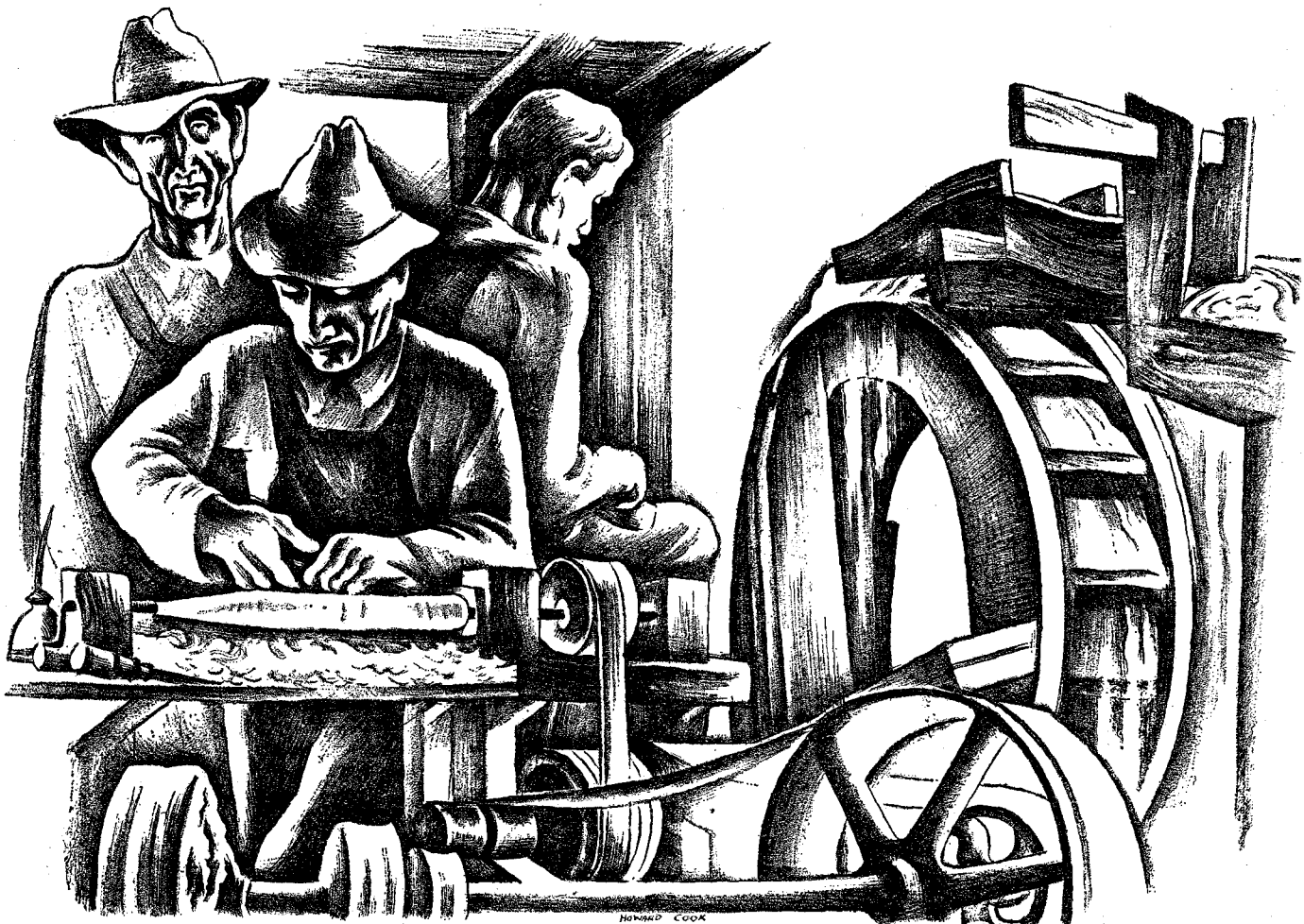
community in this Republic to provide themselves with electric power. Mr. Lilienthal tells the typical story of Florence, Alabama. First, the citizens by almost unanimous ballot, in an election provided by state law, voted to set up their own distribution system and to buy current wholesale from the TVA. Second, the franchise with the Alabama Power Company expired. Third, the company refused to sell its distribution lines to the city except at an outrageous figure, and finally refused even to discuss the matter of sale. Fourth, the service was grossly unsatisfactory; the Florence hospital was unable to instal a sterilizer because the lines were so overloaded. Fifth, the profits of the company have been spectacular; the gross income in a single year exceeds the appraised value of the whole investment. Sixth, every effort of the citizens to move in the direction of the TVA has been blocked by litigation, injunctions, court decrees; and every penny of the cost of this litigation to the company is paid by the citizens in their electric bills.

When the way is at last opened, when the period of impudence, effrontery, and sabotage is over, the TVA proceeds to close cooperation with the local town or city. Uniform accounting systems are installed. Power profits are not commingled with tax receipts. A considerate policy is adopted toward the customer. The customer is always right; he is entitled to good service—a welcome change from the attitude still held by some municipal systems that the customer is a dog of a taxpayer. Equipment and facilities are modern. Incoming lines are installed in dupli-

cate, so that if one fails in a storm, the other can be switched in. In brief, the intention is to give the town all the benefits and services which a private company can give plus a few additional benefits, *without the holding-company milking-machine attachment*. Rates must fall, and a real yardstick appears. TVA charges are already beginning to rock the rate structure of the region. The power companies will charge that the cost accounting is unfair; that too much capital cost goes to flood control and navigation and not enough to power. This is a nice point; the row promises to be tremendous; but we must not forget that the dams are not being built primarily for power.

When Henry Ford dumped his cars on a nation, there were no roads to carry them, but presently paved highways appeared. Cheap power descends on the backwoods, and presently appear motors, pumps, refrigerators, radios, toasters, ranges, and washing machines. As energy is the basis of any civilization, this is not so magical as at first it seems. Certainly in the Valley lower rates have greatly stimulated power consumption; equipment sales have increased more rapidly than in any other region. One of the local private companies received the annual blue ribbon from the Edison Institute for the largest jump in business of any American utility. When the TVA current first came in, local companies complained bitterly that there already was a surplus of generating capacity. Now an actual shortage is on the horizon. The dams, we may rest assured, are going to be used.

[Mr. Chase's concluding article will appear next week.]



Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A DISPATCH to the New York *Times* reports the proceedings at Liblar, Germany, of the Carl Schurz Society of Berlin on the tenth anniversary of its foundation. Liblar was Schurz's birthplace. A large group of government officials, representatives of the National Socialist Party, and members of the faculties of Cologne and Bonn universities, together with forty-five American exchange students, took part in the ceremony, which concluded with the singing of "Deutschland über Alles" and the Horst Wessel song. Of course a message from Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, was not lacking, but so far as the dispatches report he did not pay any particular tribute to Schurz himself. That was the only decent thing about the proceedings. For the Carl Schurz Society of Berlin has been *gleichgeschaltet*, that is, coordinated to the National Socialist Party, and is nothing but a branch of the Goebbels ministry. The mere presence of Nazi officials at a celebration in honor of Schurz was an insult to one of the greatest republicans.

One has only to read Schurz's published writings to see how he abominated despotisms and absolutisms of every kind. Schurz was but nineteen when he inspired his fellow-students at Bonn University to rise against the constituted authorities because they were dictators and tyrants, because there was no free parliament in Prussia, because the will of the Prussian people could not express itself, because there was neither freedom of thought nor freedom of speech and press nor freedom of political assembly. If there is one thing certain in this world, it is that were Schurz living today he would be blistering the Nazi dictatorship of Germany with the same superb eloquence that first burst from him in the Aula of Bonn University and that he put at the service of his new fatherland from the time that he reached our shores. Much stress was laid in the Liblar ceremony upon Schurz's efforts to foster a good understanding between the two countries. That was obviously the only thing that those Nazi officials and the United States chargé d'affaires, Ferdinand L. Mayer, could safely talk about. Had anyone really eulogized Schurz as he was, the speaker would have been arrested.

Let us suppose that there had been a real Schurz celebration at Liblar. One of the Bonn students would, of course, have led off with a restatement of those burning words which Schurz uttered at Bonn, after which he donned the uniform of revolution and was shut up in the fortress of Rastatt, escaping after the surrender as by a miracle. Over the speakers' stand would have been emblazoned these words of Schurz's: "The German Empire will infallibly find the surest guaranty of its stability in the progressive development of free institutions. The Germans are like every other strong people—fidelity will

increase with freedom" (spoken at Chicago, June 15, 1893). The next speaker would have told of the price that was put upon Schurz's head as a traitor to that mild German despotism which never thought of ministers of propaganda or the tortures of concentration camps, or of a purge in which more than 1,250 persons were killed in a single night. True, the Prussian and other German autocrats did kill, and about this Schurz had something to say; so that another free speaker would have recalled Schurz's indignant reply to a German who wrote him in 1857 in protest against the murders in Kansas. He admitted their shocking character, but he repelled the statement of his correspondent that "the deeds of certain individuals in Kansas are, if possible, more barbarous than any atrocities of European despotisms," saying, "How can you think so? . . . Who would compare them with the long list of legally sanctioned murders committed in Baden . . . quite apart from the horrors that were perpetrated privately and praised publicly?" Can anyone doubt where Schurz would stand on the Hitler atrocities?

Finally, a real honoring of Carl Schurz would have terminated with the following from a letter written by him May 25, 1903, which sounds as if penned in 1936:

While those [Kishineff] outrages in Russia stand pre-eminent in their savage cruelty, it should not be forgotten that they only present one of the natural upshots of a widespread movement which in our days has put a peculiarly repulsive blot upon our vaunted civilization. The persecution and maltreatment of human beings on account of their race or their religious beliefs is always an offense, not only unjust to the victim, but also degrading to the offender. But the persecution and maltreatment of the Jews, as mankind has witnessed it and is now witnessing it in several countries, has been not only especially barbarous in the ferocity of its excesses, but in a singular degree self-debasing and cowardly in the invention of the reasons adduced for its justification. . . . And now . . . we hear apostles of anti-Semitism, even persons belonging to the so-called upper classes, insist with accents of profound alarm that if the Jews be permitted the same rights and privileges as other people, that despised race, forming so infinitesimal a part of the world's population, will surely outwit us all and rob us of our property, and possess themselves of all the controlling forces of society, and that therefore the Jews must be shackled hand and foot with all sorts of legal disabilities, if not exterminated. . . . Nothing could be more absurd and at the same time more cowardly than such reasoning and such appeals. But it is to agitation inflamed by just this spirit that we owe horrors like those of Kishineff, in beholding which humanity stands aghast.

By all means, honor Carl Schurz, you Jew-torturers, Joseph Goebbels and Adolf Hitler!

BROUN'S PAGE

THIS is written before the assembling of the Republican delegates at Cleveland, and so it must venture the risks of prophecy. It was held a few months ago that the sharpness of the protest against the New Deal would bring the Republican Party into complete unity. As I write I make the guess that Alfred Mossman Landon will be nominated on an early ballot. Nevertheless, such a quick agreement upon a candidate is far from indicating party unity. Surface harmony has been in too many cases nothing more than the calm which precedes the storm.

If a coalition ticket is agreed upon, the writer is a bad prophet. I venture to predict that it will be a Republican ticket and a Republican as usual. And unless this particular group of delegates double-crosses me, an attempt will be made to even up both geographically and along the economic front as well. A mild liberal, such as Landon of Kansas, will have as his running mate a rockribbed conservative like Wadsworth of New York. There is no true unity in the Republican Party any more than there is in the Democratic. The attempt to combine the agricultural West and Middle West into the sort of conservatism which the captains of the industrial East require can never be wholly successful. It would be just as logical for the Democrats to name a Republican of a liberal turn of mind as Roosevelt's running mate as for the Republicans to nominate a conservative Democrat to go along with Landon.

The convention in Cleveland (and on this prediction I risk all my reputation as even the second cousin of a prophet) failed to take the one step in coalition which would have been completely and wholly logical. It did not name William Randolph Hearst as the vice-presidential candidate of the Republican Party. This was an error in tactics as well as logic. Mr. Hearst discovered Landon and fostered him. His name would hardly have come before the convention at all but for the spade work performed by Hearst and his lieutenants. Alfred Mossman Landon won thousands of primary votes in communities where his name and his views were wholly unknown except through the active propaganda of the Hearst newspapers and the Hearst magazines. In spite of the slight setback which the California primary entailed, William Randolph Hearst did Landon far more good than harm in the pre-nomination campaign. This situation may be reversed after the nomination, but if a break was to be made Landon and his advisers were in honor bound to force it before the convention met. Woodrow Wilson did not wait so long in dealing with Colonel Harvey.

But the Republicans in Cleveland owe Hearst much more than a debt for the discovery of a candidate. For more than a year Hearst has set the pace and defined the issues for practically all the attacks made upon the Roosevelt Administration. Even such bitter newspaper rivals of Mr. Hearst as the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* have taken their

tone from San Simeon. In the general strike in San Francisco the local papers almost without exception went into a coalition under the leadership of Neylan, Hearst's lieutenant. In similar manner they have followed the counsel of Hearst in the pre-convention campaign against Roosevelt. Although Colonel McCormick has made more speeches about the freedom of the press than anybody else, the real leadership was gained by Hearst some two years ago when he induced the Publishers' Association to come to his support in the Jennings case.

So great has been his hold over his associates that J. David Stern was the only newspaper owner in the country who dared to criticize Mr. Hearst's newspaper practices in the matter of the Fiorenza fake. Every once and so often the Society of American Editors meets and lays down general principles about the ethics of journalism, but no practical application is ever made. Eager observers are still waiting for the society to cite Hearst for palpable violations of any of the standards set. It is true, of course, that William Randolph Hearst has far from a complete sway over the American press, but he has more control than any single individual has ever had since the beginning of American journalistic history. Even those publishers who do not like Hearst's methods or his politics very seldom express their disagreement in public. The Republican candidate in this campaign will have more than 75 per cent of the press on his side. Hearst has delivered a large part of this. He syndicates not only a news service, which has been highly colored to the extent of always calling the New Deal the Raw Deal, but also comic strips, columns, and various features. These have been handed over bodily to the Republican Party. I point out, for instance, that Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, Mr. Hearst's best paragrapher, has been assigned to almost unbroken partisan political comment for more than a year although his usual service has been merely to provide merriment without choosing sides.

It is a little late in the day for the Republican Party to talk of breaking with Hearst or disowning him. At this particular time not much would remain of the Landon organization if Hearst were left out. On several occasions the Lord of San Simeon has attempted to capture the Democratic organization, but in each case he has fallen short in spite of local victories. His tactics in regard to the Republican Party were extremely shrewd. He took the party over before the convention met. In the beginning most observers felt that Hearst was not serious in advancing the cause of Landon. "That's just for trading purposes," was the general comment. This time Hearst went through with it. Landon's lead was too long to be cut down. Having captured the candidate, Hearst has also captured the party. Now is the time for all good Republicans to make pilgrimage to San Simeon. They have no other place to go.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Lesson of the Master

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

YEATS is never more the poet than when he attempts to write prose, and it will be a mistake to look in this book for the kind of logic that one can more easily find in a preface by Bernard Shaw or the most recent volume by Bertrand Russell. "To keep these notes natural and useful to me I must keep one note from leading on to another," begins one of his diaries, "that I may not surrender myself to literature." Obviously Yeats is warning himself against the too well-balanced sentence, the too well-developed paragraph, and the too well-organized formal structure that we associate with a certain type of "well-written" prose. He has always guarded against these things because they have been for him artifices of the logical mind which get in the way of the truth, the poet's truth. Incoherence, digression, and general irrelevance have been constant features of his prose; but it is not right to say that they are cultivated for their own sake. They are simply the logical results of using a logical medium for the expression of beliefs and insights which are essentially non-logical in character. Comparisons must be made with the Delphic epigrams of Blake or the journals of Baudelaire. The thought progresses, if it does progress, not according to any scheme of abstract reasoning, but according to an arrangement of metaphors. To follow the thought is really to perceive these metaphors, and this is not an affair for the reason alone. Ultimately the metaphors refer to a realm in which the reason is not yet altogether at home and in which it must proceed with a certain trepidation. Almost as much concentration is required as in reading the most difficult poetry.

Even the well-known literary personages of the opening section, *Dramatis Personae*, may be thought of as metaphors or symbols of this kind. The portrait of George Moore is built up with the greatest richness of description, anecdote, and dialogue; it strikes us with the same impression of unanalyzable reality that we derive from the best fiction. Yet it is also another illustration of one of Yeats's favorite distinctions (one which Allen Tate has recently appropriated to great advantage): "Improvement makes straight roads; he pumice-stoned every surface because *will had to do the work for nature*." Lady Gregory is the personal embodiment of those virtues which, because they are rare in modern democratic society, Yeats prefers to call aristocratic and identify with the essential values of the artist. "We come from the permanent things and create them, and instead of old blood we have old emotions," he explains in making the analogy. So also for all the other members of this private hagiology—Edward Martyn, Arthur Symons, Florence Farr, Standish O'Grady, and the rest: all are sharply realized as individuals at the same time that they represent different aspects of that ever-broadening and ever-deepening contemplation of experience which makes Yeats the most considerable of living poets. As in such poems as the elegy on Robert Gregory and *The Tower*, the lives of known individuals become symbols as definite as tree or mountain, and like them the more real for being seized as wholes by the imagination.

This is perhaps most clearly seen in the case of Synge, who has been for Yeats throughout his later career an archetype of the modern intellectual man. Here it is less Synge's personality than the circumstances surrounding his death that provide Yeats with his pattern. Behind the two diaries, *Estrangement* and *The Death of Synge*, lies the whole drama of Yeats's own struggle to preserve his role in the resharpened teeth of the men of action. Written in 1909, at a moment of intensely revived political hatreds in Ireland, they correspond to the most anguished and uncertain period of his verse. What Yeats sees in his friend's troubles with the patriots and religious fanatics is really a challenge to his own view of the special role of the man of imagination. The notations provide a rare record of a great artist's most intimate efforts at self-understanding and self-justification.

Needless to say, their interest for us is greatly increased by their relevance to current preoccupations, their evidence that the drama which occupies us at the moment was played out by Yeats thirty or more years ago. Retracing the history of the "Young Ireland" school of poets and of his own movement, Yeats explains how he found it necessary to renounce "the deliberate creation of a kind of Holy City of the imagination, and express the individual." Nearly everything that Yeats has to say about the patriotic rhetoricians of his time is equally true for the writers of so-called revolutionary literature today: "The ethical ideas implied were of necessity very simple, needing neither study nor unusual gifts for their understanding." And again, "Neither the grammars of the Gaelic League nor the industrialism of the *Leader*, nor the *Sinn Féin* attacks upon the Irish Party, give sensible images to the affections." With a few simple substitutions this remains as pungent a statement about the relationship between literature and politics as when Yeats first made it. It is a statement, like numerous others strewn through these attic-sweepings of genius, which bears constant examination and reexamination at the moment. And it may be added that its truth will depend not only on the difficult logic that lies behind it but also on the authority of the speaker, the only authority that counts for very much in matters like the present, the authority of a great example.

WILLIAM TROY

Mr. Forster's Harvest

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

FIFTEEN years ago E. M. Forster, though not very well known, was very well thought of; then he wrote a best-seller and became deservedly famous; today he seems to have gone honorably on the shelf. Latterly the fault may rather be his than ours, for he has produced very little, and that not at the top of his bent; yet he remains, I think, among the not numerous modern writers worthy of our attention, and the present book—despite its shortcomings—may restore to him part of his vanished stature. It would be a pity if it didn't. For though neither a writer of the first rank nor a writer who satisfies our most pressing needs, he is one with a peculiar value and charm, and these ought not to be wasted.

In many respects, of course, Forster writes both in a tradi-

tion and as part of a generation; yet that much is only like seeing his face with no expression in it. The expression that brings it to life, the smile as much directed against the face itself as against the world, is what makes all the difference. It has saved him, if not from disappointing, at least from displeasing us. He might so easily have been somebody who went to school in his youth to Meredith and Henry James and then fell regularly into line. As it was, he did not altogether escape the pitfalls of his special generation, the generation that comprises among others Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Rebecca West. Shuttling between creative work and critical, being rather ostentatiously snooty toward the present and rather dreamily indulgent of the past, turning precious half out of fear of turning stuffy, conducting their experiments somewhat *en amateur*, this group have only been intellectuals who exhilarated us, never people who nourished our deep needs.

Forster, with much of their temperament, has avoided many of their mistakes, and hence has come off by far the best. He has been the least self-indulgent, the least self-conscious, the least mannered. With him as with the others race and education have proved both a hindrance and a help, but at any rate wherever he has reacted to life with that besetting English upper-middle-class sin of frivolous urbanity, he has done so with light humor and not with high-handed wit. Strachey's pomp, Rebecca West's glitter, Virginia Woolf's chastity have spoiled all three as human beings; but if Forster, like the others, has failed of full creative or critical growth, at least he remains an admirable person, and one who never claims for himself more than he can show. He is always engaging and honest, and usually thoughtful and keen.

The present book, for all its inequalities, is not a bad index to his character and talents. No more than its immediate predecessors is it the book one really wants from him. It is after all a harvest of scattered and sometimes dated grain—old sketches and essays and book reviews, some written with journalistic haste, others with journalistic levity, others with no more than journalistic liveliness. There is no sense of art in it, or of a considered intention and a core. But there is no bunk in it either, no cant, no chirping and twittering, no strutting and posing; and in addition to much good sense and somewhat less good criticism, there are two very praiseworthy things.

The first is a fused and radiant personality. Whether Mr. Forster is writing—to use his own designations—of *The Present* or *The Past*, of *Books* or *The East*, the same gusto tempered by caution, the same sensibility disciplined by toughness, the same humor and grace and generosity come through. He is the least fanatical writer I can think of who at the same time shows no deference to the opinions of others. He always adopts sound attitudes. Journeying through the East, he is ever conscious of being a Westerner and never of being a well-born Englishman. He loves Jane Austen but manages not to write about her like a doting ass. He admires Virginia Woolf but manages not to write about her like a Bloomsbury neighbor. He touches the past with both hands and writes quite as shapely essays about it as did Strachey, who never touched anything with more than the tip of one finger. He discusses the English character without either waving the Union Jack or jumping up and down on papa's grave. And it is all done in terms of a sensitive personality; his abilities may sometimes have withered in the bud, but his personality has flowered.

The second praiseworthy aspect of this book is the portrait it provides of the best type of modern liberal. Mr. Forster has not shrunk from life and he does not shrink from sharp comment upon it. Almost everything he has observed of upper-class England comes in for his condemnation, sometimes for

being vulgar and silly, but oftener for being selfish and corrupt. It is a condemnation which takes the shape of protest, and now and then—as in *Me, Them and You*—the protest is magnificently effective. Forster's principles are as clearly defined as his personality; since both are admirable, one finds it harder to accept those minor qualities, those lapses not from integrity but from intensity, those artistically relaxed moments, here and elsewhere, which have kept Forster from becoming a major writer. Somehow he should be occupying in modern letters, not an honorable place, but a distinguished one.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Director as Translator

ROMEO AND JULIET. By William Shakespeare. A Motion-Picture Edition. Random House. \$2.

FILM AND THEATER. By Allardyce Nicoll. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50.

THE shortest way to appreciate the difference between plays and films is to examine a portion of some play which has been made into a film and note what has happened to it. It is seldom possible for a layman to do this, but he may do it easily with "*Romeo and Juliet*," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now publish in two versions, Shakespeare's and their own. The producer, the director, the author of the shooting script, and many other functionaries of the film have appended essays the purpose of which is to convince us that they approached Shakespeare with the greatest respect and changed him as little as possible. Yet a glance at any portion of the script reveals how great must be even the minimum change in such a case.

Take, for instance, the seven lines in which Shakespeare's Friar John explains to Friar Laurence why he has not delivered the all-important letter to Romeo in Mantua:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth.

These lines are not spoken in the script, which substitutes for them a series of elaborate scenes showing us the events themselves. Friar John, who incidentally takes no associate with him, enters on his way to Mantua a village wherein a folkplay is being given before a happy crowd. As he stands watching it a terrified woman runs to him, whispers, and pulls him into a house nearby. Entering with him, we find a man stricken by the plague—news of which, spreading through the town, creates pandemonium and brings soldiers to nail up the doors and windows of the house so that Friar John cannot proceed on his errand; though at this very moment Balthasar rides with his news to Romeo and as a matter of fact passes the door behind which Friar John is detained. Or take the better-known passage of the play in which Romeo, standing before the apothecary's shop, describes its contents. The film, of course, gives us the contents themselves; conducts us into the shop with Romeo and lets us look at

a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses

as well as at other properties which the imagination of the studio has added—"snakeskins, skulls, vials, retorts, bottles"; and omits the speech.

The lines in both cases have been translated from Shakespeare's language into that of the motion picture. There are images in both, but that is the only resemblance. Shakespeare in such passages depended on his words to create the necessary vision; the motion picture tries to give us the vision. In other passages which are dramatic rather than descriptive the need for translation may be less, and indeed the great moments of "Romeo and Juliet" seem to have passed over in the present instance almost without change. The differences, however, between play and film remain very great, and so must they always be when both things keep their character. In advance of seeing "Romeo and Juliet" on the screen one cannot say how good it is, since it cannot exist on paper; one can only be prepared to judge it in its own terms, which will not be Shakespeare's. The merit of the present production would seem to be that those who were responsible for it knew perfectly when Shakespeare was writing for them and when he was not. They would seem to have been experts in the art of translation.

Mr. Nicoll, having written many books on the drama, turns now to the film; and as might have been expected he is sharply aware of the differences between the two forms of story-telling. His analysis of these differences, while never absolutely novel, is both sane and comprehensive, so that his book may be recommended as one of the best elementary guides to the subject. It is a large subject about which much remains to be said, as Mr. Nicoll, a historian of the theater, knows better than anybody. In his opinion there is no eventual danger that either of the two arts will destroy the other. They are rivals, not enemies, which means among other things that each must know its own business and its own strength. The theater must do what it alone can do, and so must the movies. And Shakespeare can exist in both.

MARK VAN DOREN

"The Boy I Was"

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By Lionel Wiggam. The Viking Press. \$1.75.

LIONEL WIGGAM, just twenty-one, names his first book of poems well. "Landscape" here is more important than "figures." Almost all these poems are pictorial. Mr. Wiggam is not, as yet, writing of human relationships. He is writing of himself and of a certain scenery which expresses his own feeling. Nor is the scenery specifically Middle Western—country of this poet's birth; it is rather a kind of setting drawn in simple lines, and against this setting moves sensitive youth in its own poetic dream.

This young poet is extremely competent, almost dangerously at ease in writing. So faultless a technique in one so young can mean a lack of intensity and a lack of inner struggle. There seems to be no surplus of passion in Mr. Wiggam's lines, no over-richness of sensuous impression in his imagery. Nor is he trying against difficulties to shape language to his own music and purposes. His music is always the same, fairly conventional, quiet, and charming. His phrasing is very precise, but not striking.

The best poems in this first book are those in which Wiggam expresses the awareness of boyhood developing dreamily toward young manhood. Yet even in these poems the poet tends to describe the experience rather than to enter into it and give it back to the reader.

And all I shall ever know I discovered there:
Where the buzzard achieved a sullen altitude,
Where the sun was lusterless brightness on dry air,
And the earth was a pattern somberly pursued.

The least successful and most broadly derivative poems in this collection are those lyrics descriptive of young girls in love. Here the influences of George Dillon and of Louise Bogan are marked. The poems are romantic, pictorial, and rather obvious. Wiggam has not Miss Bogan's intensity and subtlety. He merely describes an emotion:

Some women walk in wilderness forever
They live obscurely in a cave of grief.
Their hearts are softly crumbling, as in winter
The blown leaf

Miss Bogan, on the other hand, chooses images to fix exactly her psychological analysis of women:

Women have no wilderness in them,
They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

To say that Lionel Wiggam shows influences of older poets, that his music in many poems is learned from MacLeish, that he has written poems directly comparable to some by Miss Bogan and Mr. Dillon, is not necessarily to condemn him as unoriginal. A young poet usually shows that he has studied older poets. But Wiggam at present is lacking in any striking originality of thought, of feeling, or of language, and one or more of these qualities is present in the best poets. Although his book contains a number of very lovely lyrics, many of these seem written a little too easily. Poetry like his can wear thin and become mere magazine verse of a high order. If, however, with his competence in verse forms and his instinct for the right word, Wiggam matures in feeling, learns to draw more from a real scene and to search more deeply his own sensibilities, he may develop into a very interesting artist. His first book of verse is praiseworthy for its clarity and its music; he has taste, and little awkwardness. The trouble, as I see it, is that he has achieved control of form without having learned specifically what is his own to say.

EDA LOU WALTON

Art and Mr. Bulliet

THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS. By C. J. Bulliet. Covici-Friede. \$4.

ALTHOUGH much muddy water and muddled paint has passed under the bridge since the publication, in 1927, of C. J. Bulliet's "Apples and Madonnas," its author still considers "significant" a synonym for "modern." "Apples and Madonnas," it will be recalled, derived its title from the statement that "an apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a madonna by Raphael." This determination to consider Raphael only in the light of the Perry prints is typical of Mr. Bulliet's methods of selection and elimination. The sixty-eight moderns whom he has singled out for consideration in the present volume can hardly be accepted as representative of the modern movement in its entirety, since the title, like Thomas Craven's "Men of Art," is more inclusive than the contents.

Mr. Bulliet's elect include Cézanne and Renoir but neither Manet nor Degas; and those interested in influences will be surprised to find Forain sandwiched in between Dufy and Foujita, instead of preceding Toulouse-Lautrec. Mr. Bulliet still takes seriously the magazine covers of Marie Laurencin

and writes ecstatically of the painting and parties of the "horribly sophisticated" Hélène Perdriat. Among the women painters "Rosa Bonheur and Mary Cassatt, of course, don't count," but a self-portrait on silk by Salcia Bahnc "challenges the masterpieces of medieval times." Suzanne Valadon is considered less in the light of her masterful line than as the unhappy parent of Maurice Utrillo—the tale of whose brutal begetting Mr. Bulliet repeats in the biographies of both mother and son. He deals kindly, if cautiously, with such faint flashes in the Parisian pan as Picabia, Miro, Georg, Gris, Lhote, Ozenfant, and Kees van Dongen, and writes respectfully, if somewhat repetitiously, of the experiments of the *Brücke*, *Blaue Reiter*, and *Bauhaus* Germans. The Italian elect are the futurists, Balla, Severini, and Carra; the last-named Bulliet considers "the painter of the best picture the movement produced, the only one that ranks high in the general output of the extreme modernists over all Europe." On the strength of this masterpiece—The Funeral of the Anarchist Galli—which is elsewhere described as Miltonic, Carra "may claim kinship with Dante." The canvas of this "one-picture genius" which Mr. Bulliet reproduces is rather less impressive. The omission of any mention of American art, from Thomas Eakins to today, is unexplained except by the condemnation, in the Introduction, of America as a land "where the artists have always preferred the easiest way of a lazy naturalism." In view of the author's tolerance for the least of contemporary European painters, this clean sweep of the American slate seems somewhat drastic. If the best of Brooke, Hopper and the early Blume lacks significance, what about the celebrations of Foujita and Paul Klee?

"Art critics are useless and detrimental." This credo, from the futurist manifesto, with which Mr. Bulliet irrelevantly opens the chapter on Carra, applies more pertinently to the present volume. For as soon as Mr. Bulliet abandons the simple journalism of the early chapters on Cézanne, Rousseau, and Van Gogh (and even here he is careless enough to state that Van Gogh painted the portrait of Dr. Gachet at St. Remy), his style becomes turgid and vulgar, and his critical opinions, whenever they are without benefit of earlier opinion, lack both acumen and discrimination. Even more prejudicial to a consideration of the book as a definitive work is its constant pornographic appeal. Culture, for C. J. Bulliet and Thomas Craven, is a pill to be sugar-coated with scandal, and the royalties resulting from this pandering to popular taste should soothe the sting of the censorious—which in the case of the present reviewer would be less severe were not Mr. Bulliet's salacious stories so very stale.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

Four Case Histories

STERILE SUN. By Caroline Slade. Issued in a special edition, the sale of which is limited to physicians, psychiatrists, sociologists, social workers, educators, and other persons having a professional interest in the problems of adolescence. The Vanguard Press. \$2.75.

CAROLINE SLADE was a social worker for many years in a town in upper New York. Her book, the bitter fruit of such experience, presents the story of four prostitutes in their own language. In each of these stories Mrs. Slade brings out unobtrusively but clearly the economic forces which drove these girls into their respective "careers." One of them, Sue, is hardly more than a child. At the age of twelve she is placed in a home where she is to help with the housework and

go to school. When the husband seduces her and pays her for it, she learns that she has something that men want and that they will pay for. Step by step, through maltreatment, casual reprimands, threats of the reform school, and the like, she drifts along until she is a professional prostitute. Another of the girls, Winkie, has been an underpaid employee in a five-and-ten-cent store, where the attentions of men lead to increased income. She becomes a routine prostitute, and struggles to save money, find a man, and join a church. Her fear of disease becomes an absorbing terror, and her life becomes a kind of miserable race between the dangers of syphilis and the growth of her bank account. A third works at her trade in order to support her children, is driven to drink in order to tolerate herself and her life, and ends by being sentenced to a long term in a reformatory and losing her children. The fourth receives human aid and kindness only from a pimp.

"Sterile Sun" is an uncompromising indictment of society. Its case histories uncover some of the most disgusting social cancers which a capitalistic economy creates and permits. They reveal the processes by which prostitutes are made, the routine futility of social workers, the role of the pimp in the life of a prostitute, and the uselessness of reformatories as instruments of reformation. However, the book is not merely a series of case histories, not merely a presentation of data. If our censorship laws were not so uncivilized, "Sterile Sun" could be presented as a volume of short stories; its effect is that which we get from stories projected with truth, and force, and genuine art. The first part of the book, recounting the story of the child Sue, can stand comparison with most of the stories to be found, say, in the yearly O'Brien anthologies. "Sterile Sun" is both an important social document and a moving piece of writing.

JAMES T. FARRELL

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An Analysis of Egotism

THE ETHICS OF POWER. By Philip Leon. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

A YOUNG English philosopher, as yet unknown in this country, has written one of the most important, wise, and discriminating books on moral theory that have appeared in recent years. The book is really an analysis of human egoism. Its title is therefore misleading, though the author does incline to accept Adlerian psychology and therefore to regard the will-to-power as the fundamental characteristic of the libido. But the Adlerian thesis is not accepted unreservedly or without testing it in terms of the classic moral theories of past centuries.

The analysis makes a sharp distinction between egoism (appetition) and egotism (ambition). The egoist enjoys life. His conduct may roughly conform to the pattern which hedonism ascribes to all human conduct. The egotist, on the other hand, "loves neither goodness nor himself determined as, or identified with, this or that experience or process. . . . He loves just himself." It is this egotistic self-love which is the root of all evil. Man does evil "not because he loves evil, but because he loves himself." The quintessential character of egotism is the tendency of man to regard his determinate and contingent self as Absolute. Since the whole of multifarious reality outside himself negates this claim of absoluteness, egotism expresses itself in terms either of isolation from or of identification with the whole of life. In the one case the egotist withdraws from life in order to worship himself *in vacuo*. In the other case he seeks to absorb life into himself and identify himself with the Absolute. These tendencies must logically end in either dementia praecox or paranoia, to use not the author's phrase but one coined by Lewis Mumford in defining the aberrations of modern nationalism on the one hand and imperialism on the other. Nationalistic isolationism and imperialism are in fact perfect illustrations of the two contrasting expressions of human egotism, so accurately analyzed by the author.

The traditional distinction between egoism and altruism is properly questioned. Leon does not follow Hobbes in deriving the latter from the former but merely calls attention to the fact that the one is continuous with the other. "In alteregoism [a phrase which admirably defines this relationship] there is not an abolition of the barriers but only a moving of them further on so that they inclose a wider territory." Hence the great difficulties faced in problems of collective behavior, in which the force of individual other-regarding impulses is compounded with collective egotism.

It has been the habit of modern moral theory since the Age of Reason to regard increasing rationality as a guaranty of increasing sociality. Reason has been conceived as a force of universality moving against recalcitrant egoistic impulses. One of the chief merits of this treatise lies in its vigorous challenge of these modern assumptions. In elaborating his position upon this point the author comes very close to the old theological doctrine of "original sin." He declares upon one occasion:

We have tried to prove that egotism is as primary as appetition and that it is not derived from appetition nor necessarily subservient to it. What we have called its forms are a priori like those of thought. These also cannot be shown to be derived from anything; all we can say is that they emerge *pari passu* with the emergence of intelligence. . . . Self-regarding sentiment is present

germinally at least in the form of self-feeling even in children and animals, developing its conceptual side later as intelligence develops.

Naturally Mr. Leon has little patience with those who hope that either education per se or a new social order per se will be able to overcome this basic egotism. He fears the idealists who "see big and far and think constantly in terms of humanity, the world, the nation, the state, the ideal, the race or the millennium." He fears them as egotists who do not know themselves. It must be admitted that there are problems of collective man which this analysis does not fully comprehend or appreciate. It is nevertheless a sobering and illuminating contribution to moral theory and to moral life.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Shorter Notices

TO MY CONTEMPORARIES. By Edwin Rolfe. New York: The Dynamo Press. \$1.

Edwin Rolfe is one of the earlier poetic recruits who have been developing a Marxist ritual in this country. His concern—in his own words—is with the creation of "clearer visions," of maintaining the cause of "fists, tight-clenched around a crimson banner," against the cause that "waves a flag and blows hot air through a star-spangled banner." Like Spender, who protested a "palpable and obvious love of man for man," Mr. Rolfe espouses the "natural love of man for fellow-man" as a major article of faith; the prevailing mood, however, is one of pride, scorn, impatience—almost arrogance—toward the non-believer, and militant enthusiasm toward his comrades. The most telling lyric in the book, *Definition*, shows the poet keenly aware of incidental bad faith within the ranks, but maintaining nevertheless a sure belief in the symbolic integrity of the fraternal salutation. Technically, Mr. Rolfe can hardly bear judgment by even the most elementary of poetic canons. His medium is a prose medium, with only the roughest and readiest of poetic rhythms and an entirely fortuitous use of rhyme. He convinces us, through naivete, by first disarming us; and then, not of the fact that he is a poet, primarily, but that he is a true believer whose candor is not to be questioned.

HEAD O' W-HOLLOW. By Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The literature of eastern Kentucky and of the Appalachian region in general has always been a regional literature in the narrowest sense. If home-made, it was also home-read; if foreign made, it had all the defects of a manufactured product. Mr. Stuart's book of stories, "Head o' W-Hollow," is of another sort arising from a true impulse to self-expression, and it is good to have. Mr. Stuart's is the most honest writing that has ever been done about Kentucky mountain people. He has always the genuineness and realism which are the *raison d'être* of regional literature, and he sometimes expresses enough of essential humanity to rise above that level. A few of the pieces are dull: *Red Jacket* and *Governor of Kentucky* might have been left out. Mr. Stuart speaks most lyrically through his life-loving farmers; one can hardly fail to be attracted by *Big Eif Porter*, who spent his last day exactly as he wished and died punctually at ten o'clock in the evening. *Accidental Death*, in which a section boss picks a Negro off a coal-car with a cinder, has a gruesome Faulkner touch. *The Word and the Flesh* and *Snake Teeth* are episodes in the relationship between religion and snake-bite—a theme which, if newspaper-picturesque, is nevertheless authentic. *Dark Winter* is a hesitant work of art,

remarkable for its selectiveness and its lack of emphasis at the same time. Mr. Stuart knows the terrible importance to the Powderjay family of the hunger, hard work, illness, death, and recovery which go to make up the flow of the relentless winter; and he knows how the winter shrinks when it goes to take its place as a unit in their past lives. Having read Mr. Stuart, one knows a great deal about life in W-Hollow, but the generalizations are one's own; he is objective and concrete.

A STUDY OF LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. By Frances A. Yates. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.
LOST PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE'S AGE. By C. J. Sisson. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

Both of these interesting books support the theory, slowly gaining ground among responsible scholars, that the Elizabethan drama was frequently more topical than it has been the rule to assume, or than it is possible after three centuries always to prove. As for Shakespeare himself, "Love's Labor's Lost" has seemed clearly his most topical play; and it has often been examined from that point of view. The merit of Miss Yates's study is that she extends the examination to a point where it includes and reconciles a number of previous conjectures and indeed reduces them, because of what she adds, to certainties. The play becomes in her hands the work of a young man who had to answer for himself the then popular question whether poets learned more from life or from books; and who answered it in a ripe-minded satire not so much against individuals like Florio as against the type of person who knows more than he understands—or, to appropriate Brander Matthews's definition of the high-brow, who is educated beyond his intelligence. Mr. Sisson, working not with conjecture but with legal documents, unearths several unsavory stories of Elizabethan plays which got into court because they were libels on living unfortunates. His detective work consists first in reconstructing the situations in real life upon which the plays were based, and then in reconstructing the plays themselves, the actual texts of which have been lost. The result is an entertaining and rather terrible book; and it has its importance because one of the playwrights concerned was George Chapman, whom Miss Yates, incidentally, pretty well establishes not only as one of the pedants whom Shakespeare found typical for his purpose but as the rival poet of the Sonnets.

RECORDS

AFTER seven years Toscanini has made a series of new recordings. The first to be issued is an album of Wagnerian excerpts, which includes the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," the "Dawn and Rhine Journey" music from "Götterdämmerung" in a Toscanini-Humperdinck concert arrangement, and the "Siegfried Idyll" (Victor, five records, \$10). The magic that one has come to expect each time Toscanini leads the New York Philharmonic-Symphony is, of course, there. Note the effectiveness of the string diminuendos at the close of the first act prelude and on the first side of the "Siegfried Idyll"; the ominousness of the brasses in the "Nie sollst du mich erfragen" theme at the close of the first prelude, achieved without the usual ritard; the exquisite horn playing after the first climax on the third side

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of the "Idyll"; and the extraordinary range of dynamics, which you may even see by noting the bands on the surface of the third-act- Prelude disc. You may also note such little features as Toscanini's humming in the first-act prelude, a slight hitch in one of the many turns of the Brunhild theme passage on the first record of the "Götterdämmerung" selection, and the awkward spots at which most of the records must be turned. These shortcomings are unimportant, for the set is superb. The next to be released, according to rumor, is Beethoven's Seventh. Hosanna!

Columbia's leading contribution for the month is an album of twenty-four Franz *Lieder* sung by Ernst Wolff to his own accompaniments (five records, \$6.50). One seldom has a chance to hear so much Franz together, and he stands up under the test with extraordinary consistency. The songs are slight and brief and the lyrics frequently sentimental tosh; yet each *Lied* is a piece of perfection—and Franz wrote ten times as many. The recital has the obvious advantage of an artist accompanying himself; for Herr Wolff is an artist and not a mere baritone. Yet one wonders whether the difficulty of attending to both ends of the performance may not account for an uneven quality in some of the top tones. One may also not entirely like the slight overemphasis in some of the simplest songs—for example, in the "Kennst du die eignen Lieder nicht?" lines from "Widmung." But it is a beautiful voice, beautiful accompanying, and beautiful music. You cannot want much more.

Another type of one-man show is that given by Samuel Barber, who sings his own setting of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" to the accompaniment of the Curtis String Quartet (Victor, one record, \$2). Here is intelligent music intelligently sung—and with a naturally beautiful voice. Mr. Barber has made literal musical expression of such lines as

Begin and cease, and then begin again
 With tremulous cadence slow

and there is a rich and idiomatic quality in the string-quartet accompaniment. His diction is clear and careful—though he does sing "moon-beach'd land" for "moon-bleach'd sand."

The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York, has issued two records chiefly for use with amplifiers at labor meetings. With the exception of the "Internationale" the lyrics and the tunes are nothing to boast of, but the discs must serve their purpose admirably, the singing being straightforward and vigorous, and the recording excellent.

For hot-weather consumption, Victor has issued the fourth Dvorak symphony played by the Czech Symphony Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (five records, \$7.50) and the Mendelssohn E flat quartet played by the Budapest String Quartet (three records, \$6.50). The Dvorak is seldom played in America, and one can understand why. It is pleasant music enough, but it dates badly—more than the "New World" symphony. The Czechs give it a loving performance. They are blessed with a more than ordinarily component wood-wind section, and they come through in particularly fine style in the most attractive of the movements, the last. The quartet, composed by Mendelssohn at the age of twenty, shows strongly the influence of the Beethoven of the second period, excepting in the frequently heard Canzonetta movement. It is played as the Budapest Quartet always plays—with brilliance and complete absence of affectation. The virtuosity of the players comes out in the trio of the Canzonetta, which is taken at a terrifying speed, and in the precision of the swift last movement. But the best of the movements is the first, which bears many repetitions, especially as played here.

HENRY SIMON

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Letters to the Editors

BROWDER TO HACKER

Dear Sirs: Having been out of my office for a few weeks, I have just read in your issue of April 22 Louis Hacker's review of my recent book. May I be permitted a few remarks regarding it?

It seems to me that under cover of a book review you have given us a very stale rehash of sectarian attacks against the Communist Party. If *The Nation* were an organ of Trotskyism, there could be no objection to this; but when it is smuggled in under the banner of "liberalism" or even of "radicalism," then it smells badly of false pretenses. The same thing happened with my previous book in your columns. I need not assure you, I hope, that I do not expect an uncritical dealing with Communist Party literature; certainly the handling of both these books by the *New Republic*, for example, was far from uncritical—in both cases the reviews were by my political opponents—but it was unexceptionable from the point of view of good faith, being without trickery. The readers of *The Nation* have a right to be guided in their reading on communism otherwise than by the distorted lenses of a discredited sect.

Both your reviews made great play of proving confusion and inconsistency in the estimate of fascism; in both instances dishonestly. For example, Mr. Hacker says: "Last year the New Deal was fascist; a half-year ago the Longs and the Coughlins were the fascists; today the fascists are the Republican Party and the American Liberty League." The impression is created that I have expressed three mutually contradictory positions. But clearly explained in the book was my opinion that in 1933-34, when all the Liberty League forces, Hearst, and a large number of the Republicans were in concentration around Roosevelt, the Administration plainly exhibited the signs of a drive in the direction of fascism; that in 1935, with the rise of the Liberty League opposition with Hearst, with the passing over of Hugh Johnson and his type into opposition, and with the Republicans coming out with their slogan to "gang up" with the American Bankers' Association, the Manufacturers' Association, etc., the whole political picture of America changed. The new reactionary combination attracted to itself most of the fascist-tending forces of the country.

During all this time our view was uniformly expressed that Long and Coughlin must be classed among the fascist forces. One can agree or disagree with this analysis. But only a dishonest person can present it, as Mr. Hacker did, as nothing but confusion.

Perhaps Mr. Hacker should not be taken so seriously on political questions, which seem to take him out of his depth. But since he has something of a reputation as a "Marxist" historian, a field in which I cannot claim special qualifications, it might be expected that his critical remarks on the historical questions would be at least plausible and intelligent. Unfortunately, his history is on the same level as his current politics.

Mr. Hacker implies that I said the revolution of 1776 was to wipe out feudalism in America. That is nonsense. I used a brief formulation to indicate that 1776 marked the beginnings of American capitalism, which was forced to throw off "the fetters of a dying feudal system," clearly indicating thereby the fetters of British rule, which for the colonies was not "mercantilism" but feudal remnants which bound them to British mercantilism. British liberals themselves understood 1776 as "only the counterpart of the heroic struggle led by Russell, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone at home to establish the dominion of the English mill-owners over Crown, clergy, and landed aristocracy"; that is, to use my formulation, to "free a rising capitalism from the fetters of a dying feudal system" (See Beard, "Rise of American Civilization," p. 190).

Mr. Hacker questions my authority for the statement that the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence were nurtured upon the most progressive thought of England and France. This he considers an error. Perhaps he will accept better authorities than either myself or Mr. Hacker. V. L. Parrington says: "Jefferson was equally at home with the English liberals of the seventeenth century and the French liberals of the eighteenth" ("The Colonial Mind," p. 343). "In the major doctrines of his political philosophy Jefferson was an amalgam of English and French liberalisms, supplemented by the conscious influence of the American frontier" (p. 344). Both Thomas Paine and Jefferson were "profoundly in sympathy with French revolutionary ideals"

(p. 327). "Locke became the textbook of the American revolution" (p. 189). Why does not Mr. Hacker attack these ideas, if he disagrees with them, in their elaborate expression in the books of established historians, instead of choosing my own humble comments, which but faithfully paraphrase, in our own structure of argument, these particular established facts?

Mr. Hacker claims to be a Marxist and charges that I have "left behind" my Marxism. He then proceeds to prove this by rebuking my claim that we Communists are the inheritors of the revolutionary tradition of 1776. This, he says, is terribly un-Marxian. "True," he says, "the workers of today and tomorrow must learn from example. But their heroes and their slogans are their own and not those of another class." By this Mr. Hacker only proves that if he ever read Marx's work "he has read it hastily." Quite contrary to Mr. Hacker, for whom the bourgeois revolution has no lessons for the proletariat and no relation to the proletarian revolution, the very essence of Marx's teachings is the continuity of history. This was the essential thought of the "Communist Manifesto" of 1847. Read, for example, in its concluding paragraphs, that classic formula: "The bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution." Remember, in this connection, how the incomplete and compromised character of the German bourgeois revolution delayed and distorted the proletarian revolutionary movement. Study Lenin and the close interconnection between the bourgeois and proletarian revolutions in Russia. Remember how Lenin not only studied but honored the great bourgeois revolutionists of his country. Recall his famous slogan: The Bolsheviks are the modern Jacobins! No, Mr. Hacker may be anything else, but he is no Marxist.

But quite aside from Marxism, what shall we think of a "historian" who states that in our Civil War of 1861-65, "a suppressed class seized power." That is great news indeed, if true, and as finally discovered by Mr. Hacker some seventy years after the event, deserves a more prominent place in the columns of *The Nation* than an obscure review of my book.

New York, May 6 EARL BROWDER

HACKER TO BROWDER

Dears Sirs: It is difficult to believe that Mr. Browder is seriously trying to conduct a debate. He has committed a number of egregious blunders but instead of retreating gracefully he thinks that by bluster he can still hold his position. For example: Mr. Browder is not really quoting Charles Beard, for in the cited passage Beard was simply recording the fact that nineteenth-century English liberals were thinking this and that about the first American Revolution. That wasn't Beard's opinion. I am a little amused that Mr. Browder, who talks so loftily of honesty, is trying to convey the impression that it was. As for Parrington, I am sorry to record that he was partially wrong; and that where Parrington was right, Mr. Browder misunderstood him. Jefferson himself, in speaking later of the writing of the Declaration of Independence, recorded his debt to Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, and Sidney. This has nothing to do with the French Encyclopedists or the "British classical political economists" (Mr. Browder's original words). Also, I confess my complete inability to understand Mr. Browder's final paragraph. Mr. Browder seems to be sarcastic about something: I assume he is trying to indicate I have made a great discovery about the Civil War. He should be told that my characterization of the Civil War as another revolution is now a commonplace and perhaps is already incorporated in public-school textbooks. At any rate, if Mr. Browder had read the second volume of Mr. Beard's history he would have found there the classic formulation of the theory.

I have nothing to say about Mr. Browder's discussion of fascism, except to record again my surprise. The upshot of Mr. Browder's analysis seems to be that everybody he doesn't like, at any particular moment, is a fascist. The inevitable result must occur even to the most simple-minded: that when fascism really threatens, Mr. Browder's warning will have about as much authority as that of the little boy who cried "Wolf" once too often. And as for his willingness to consort with the Divines, Olsons, and Townsends, that is his business, but it has as much relation to the building of a revolutionary party as attending a Sunday School picnic has. If Mr. Browder wants to go ahead telling the workers and submerged farmers all about Jefferson, Lincoln, Milo Reno—and Daniel Webster!—that is also his business; but I must confess I am somewhat shocked at his willingness to drag in Lenin's reference to the Jacobins as a cover for his

blunderings. The Jacobins were a lower-middle-class party which separated from its allies in a revolutionary period and set up a class dictatorship. Where does Mr. Browder find their counterpart in American history?

The substance of Mr. Browder's letter is not as important to me as his method of conducting a controversy. Here are to be found the typical untruthful, bullying, and snide remarks that have turned so many people against the present Communist leadership. Mr. Browder calls me a Trotskyist, which, without prejudice, I may say is simply not so. He says quite coolly that I am dishonest; in view of the fact, however, that we are unknown to each other I am moved to wonder on what basis he is in a position to question my motives so readily. I want to call attention, also, to Mr. Browder's childish trick of putting words between quotation marks, particularly "Marxism" and "historian." About my Marxism, my review must speak for itself, but I must insist that I am a historian and not a "historian." If Mr. Browder thinks I am a bad one, that is his opinion; but surely, in view of the fact that I have published rather extensively, he will allow me the formal designation.

Finally, I am interested to note that Mr. Browder says nothing about his war position in his replies to me and to Norman Thomas in the *New Republic*. I am sure that there are some curious persons who would like to read Mr. Browder's categorical reply to the following question, particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Browder fills the two positions of vice-president of the American League Against War and Fascism and secretary of the Communist Party, U. S. A. Will he support an American declaration of war against Japan, which obviously could be made only to further our own imperialist designs in the Far East, if Japan, at the same time, is also engaged against the U. S. S. R.?

LOUIS M. HACKER

New York, May 17

BROWDER TO HACKER

Dear Sirs: Answering Mr. Hacker's question, I am glad to inform him that the *New Republic* has agreed to publish a full article by me on the question of war, and I shall be pleased to give *The Nation* another one on the same subject. Briefly, the answer is that opinions like Hacker's on war help disarm the world in the struggle against it; we believe that the United States should have an active peace policy, supporting the efforts of the League of Nations and making a

compact with the Soviet Union to keep the peace of the Far East.

New York, May 25 EARL BROWDER

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BENJAMIN STOLBERG, well-known author and journalist, whose provocative articles on Governor Talmadge appeared recently in *The Nation*, will shortly contribute a study of John L. Lewis.

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STUART CHASE spent several weeks in the Tennessee Valley, in the course of which he obtained material for his TVA series in *The Nation*. His concluding article will appear next week.

JAMES T. FARRELL, author of the "Studs Lonigan" trilogy, has for his next assignment the Louis-Schmeling fight, which he will report for *The Nation*.

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